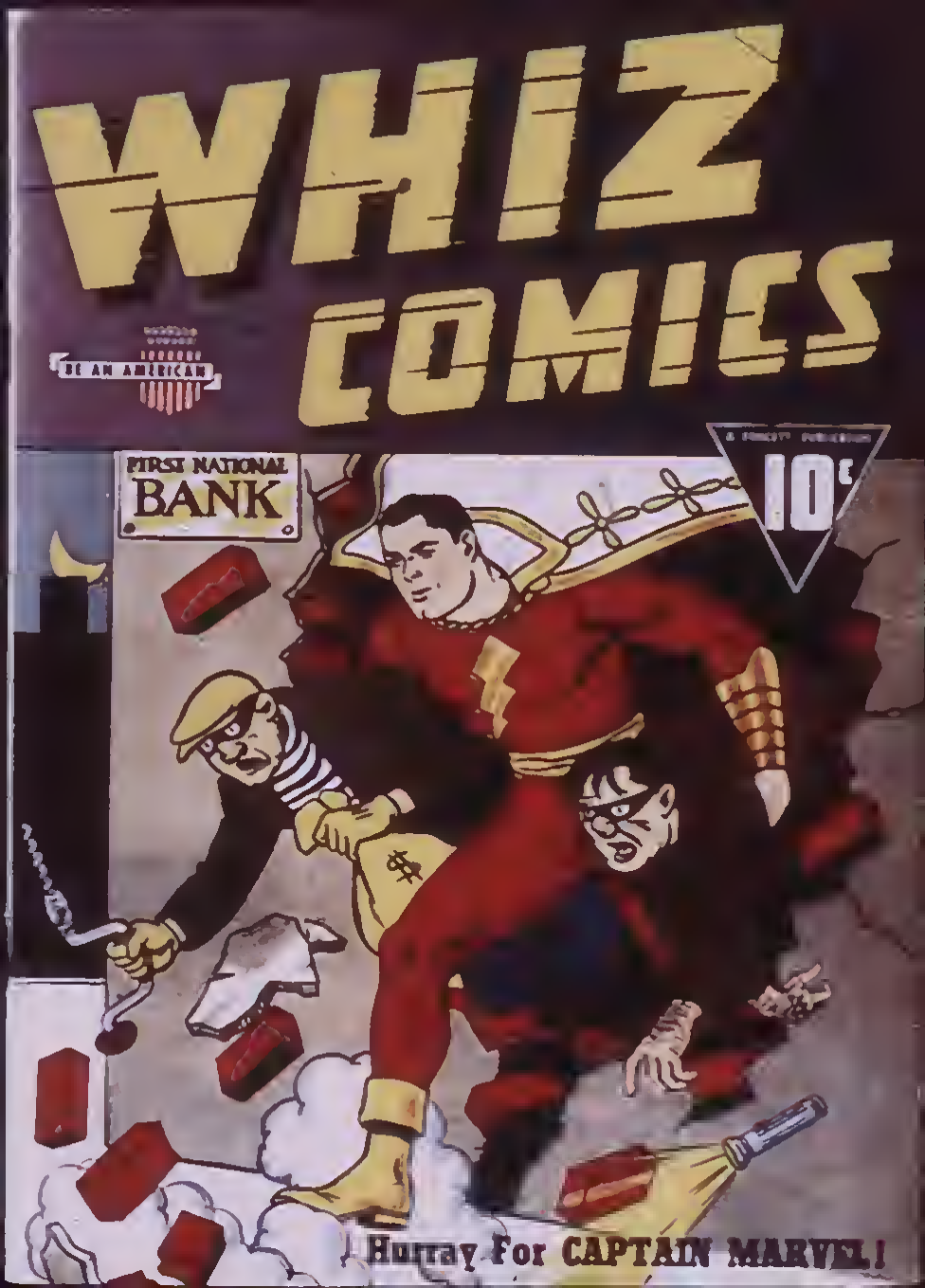
WHIZ COMICS


BE AN AMERICAN
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
10¢
Hurray For CAPTAIN MARVEL!

BOYS! GIRLS! *Here are Super Prizes for You—*

[illegible] gifts for Mother and Dad. They're yours without a cent of cost.

IT'S EASY! Do like thousands of others have done [illegible] Big [illegible] Sheet for selling only 40 [illegible] Packs at 10c each. Each pack contains 45 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant colors [illegible] 10c! When [illegible] return the [illegible] and [illegible] prize. It [illegible] AT ONCE.

Send coupon today for Xmas Packs and Big Prize Sheet showing over 40 prizes to choose from. SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 612, LANCASTER, PA.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 612, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

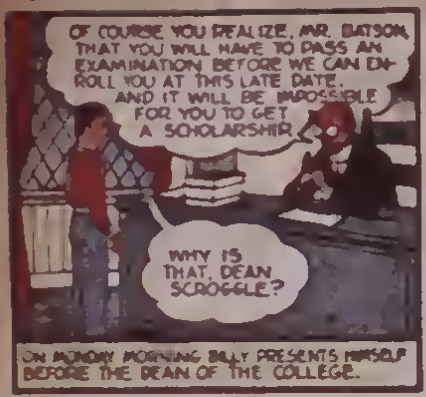
Street Address _____
or R.F.D. No. _____

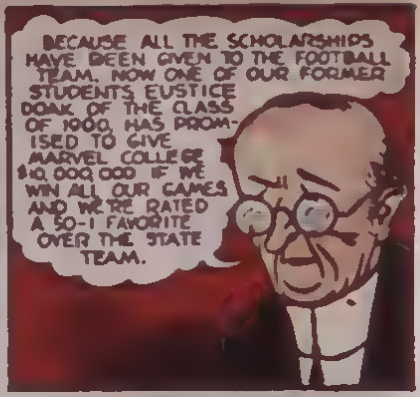
City _____

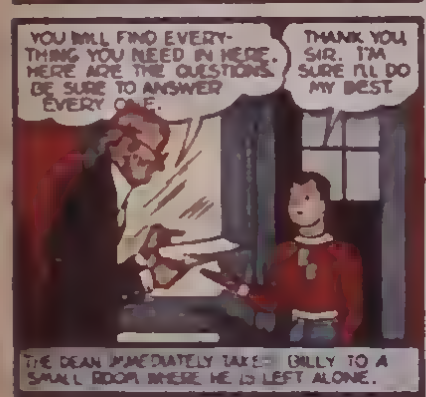
State _____

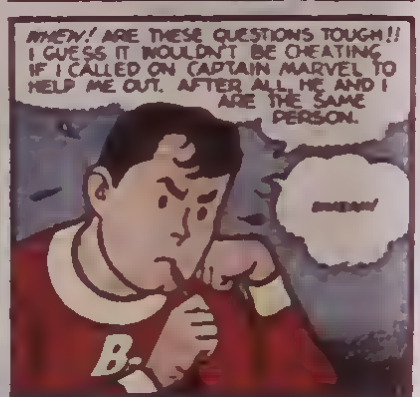
DECEMBER, 1940. VOL. 2, NO. 11

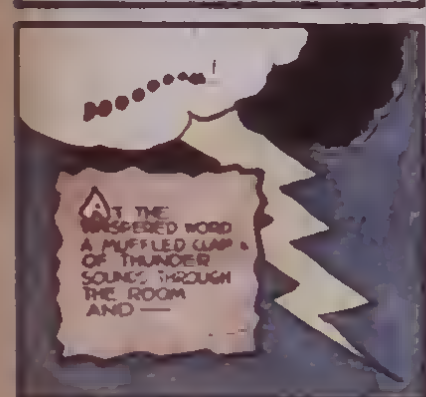
WHIZ COMICS is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., at 1140 Broadway, Louisville, Ky. W. H. "Bert" Fawcett, Jr., President; Hugh B. Odell, Advertising Director; Frances E. Stevens, Circulation Director; Ralph Dumke, Managing Editor; Al Allard, Art Director. Entered as second-class matter January 30, 1940, at the post office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1940 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reproduction in whole or part forbidden except by permission of the publisher. Title registered for all U. S. Patent Offices. Subscription price $1.20 per year in United States and Possessions. Foreign subscriptions $2.00. Canadian subscriptions not accepted. Single copies 10c. Editorial offices: 1501 Broadway, New York City. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 North Michigan Ave.; Los Angeles, Bankers Bldg.; Cleveland Bldg.; San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; 1014 Bank Bldg. Printed offices, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

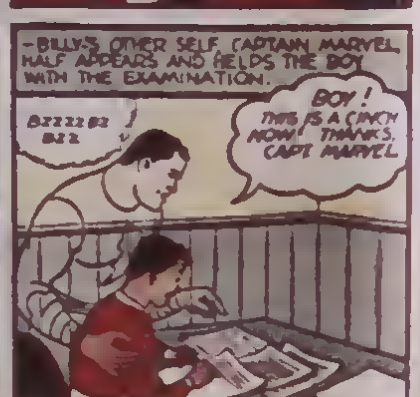

OF COURSE YOU REALIZE, MR. BATSON, THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO PASS AN EXAMINATION BEFORE WE CAN ENROLL YOU AT THIS LATE DATE. AND IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GET A SCHOLARSHIP.
WHY IS THAT, DEAN SCROGGLE?
ON MONDAY MORNING BILLY PRESENTS HIMSELF BEFORE THE DEAN OF THE COLLEGE.

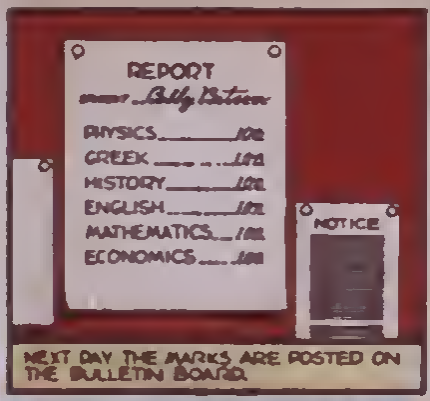

BECAUSE ALL THE SCHOLARSHIPS HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO THE FOOTBALL TEAM. NOW ONE OF OUR FORMER STUDENTS, EUSTICE DOAK, OF THE CLASS OF 1900, HAS PROMISED TO GIVE MARVEL COLLEGE $10,000,000 IF WE WIN ALL OUR GAMES AND WE'RE RATED A 50-1 FAVORITE OVER THE STATE TEAM.

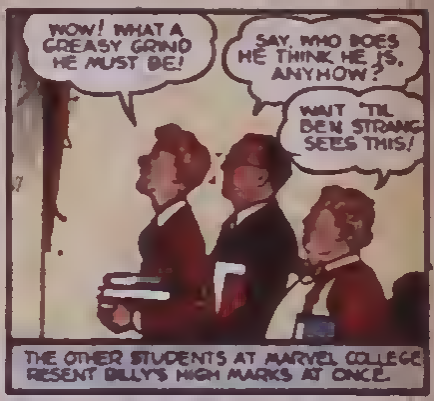

YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING YOU NEED IN HERE. HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS. BE SURE TO ANSWER EVERY ONE.
THANK YOU, SIR. I'M SURE I'LL DO MY BEST.
THE DEAN IMMEDIATELY TAKES BILLY TO A SMALL ROOM WHERE HE IS LEFT ALONE.

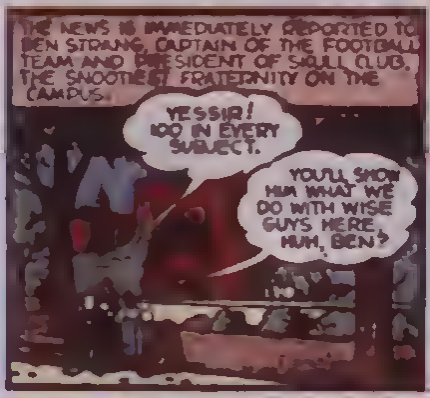

WHEW! ARE THESE QUESTIONS TOUGH!! I GUESS IT WOULDN'T BE CHEATING IF I CALLED ON CAPTAIN MARVEL TO HELP ME OUT. AFTER ALL, HE AND I ARE THE SAME PERSON.
B-

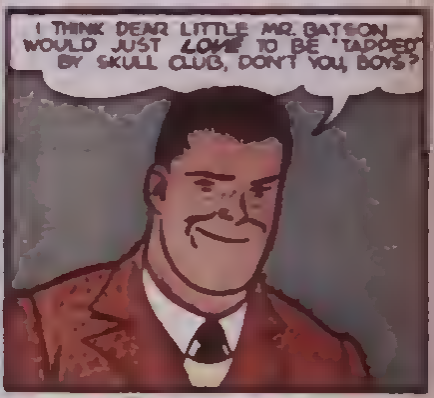

AT THE WHISPERED WORD A MUFFLED CLAP OF THUNDER SOUNDS THROUGH THE ROOM AND —

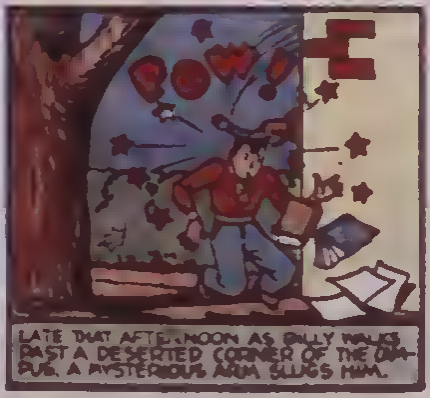

—BILLY'S OTHER SELF, CAPTAIN MARVEL, HALF APPEARS AND HELPS THE BOY WITH THE EXAMINATION.
BZZZZBZ BZZ
BOY! THIS IS A CINCH NOW! THANKS, CAPT. MARVEL

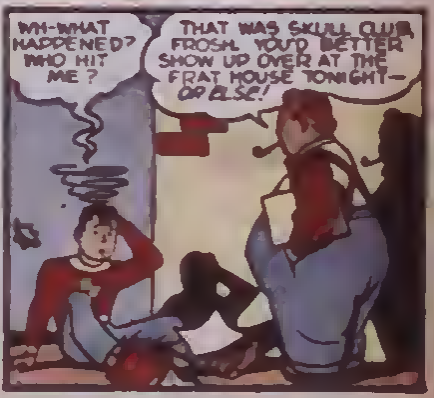

REPORT
Billy Batson
PHYSICS 100
GREEK 100
HISTORY 100
ENGLISH 100
MATHEMATICS 100
ECONOMICS 100
NOTICE
NEXT DAY THE MARKS ARE POSTED ON THE BULLETIN BOARD.


WOW! WHAT A GREASY GRIND HE MUST BE!
SAY, WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS, ANYHOW?
WAIT 'TIL BEN STRANG SEES THIS!
THE OTHER STUDENTS AT MARVEL COLLEGE RESENT BILLY'S HIGH MARKS AT ONCE.

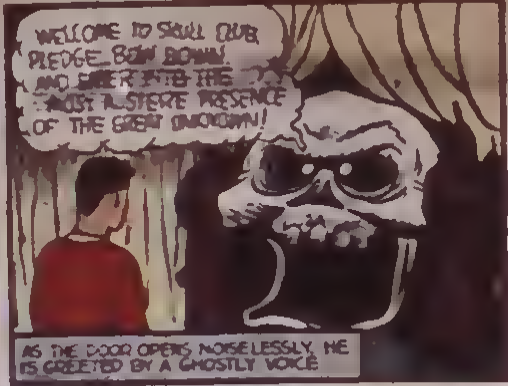

THE NEWS IS IMMEDIATELY REPORTED TO BEN STRANG, CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM AND PRESIDENT OF SKULL CLUB, THE SNOOTIEST FRATERNITY ON THE CAMPUS.
YESSIR! 100 IN EVERY SUBJECT.
YOU'LL SHOW HIM WHAT WE DO WITH WISE GUYS HERE, HUM, BEN?


I THINK DEAR LITTLE MR. BATSON WOULD JUST LOVE TO BE "TAPPED" BY SKULL CLUB, DON'T YOU, BOYS?


POW!
LATE THAT AFTERNOON AS BILLY WALKS PAST A DESERTED CORNER OF THE DIM-PUB, A MYSTERIOUS ARM SLUGS HIM.

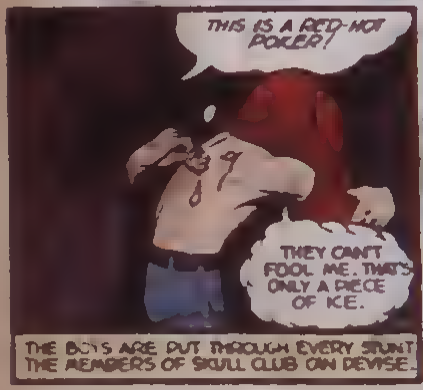

WH-WHAT HAPPENED? WHO HIT ME?
THAT WAS SKULL CLUB, FROSH. YOU'D BETTER SHOW UP OVER AT THE FRAT HOUSE TONIGHT— OR ELSE!

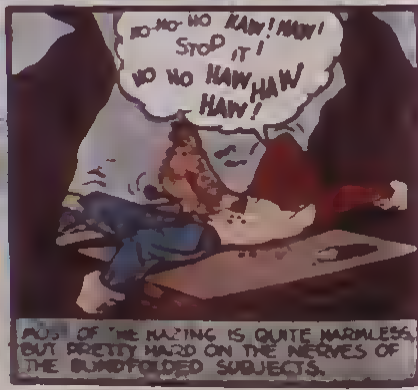
SKULL CLUB, EH? PRETTY NIFTY-LOOKING PLACE
THAT NIGHT BILLY RINGS THE BELL AT THE HOUSE WHERE HIS INITIATION INTO THE FRATERNITY IS TO TAKE PLACE.


WELCOME TO SKULL CLUB, PLEDGE. BOW DOWN AND ENTER INTO THE MOST AUSTERE PRESENCE OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN!
AS THE DOOR OPENS NOISELESSLY, HE IS GREETED BY A GHOSTLY VOICE

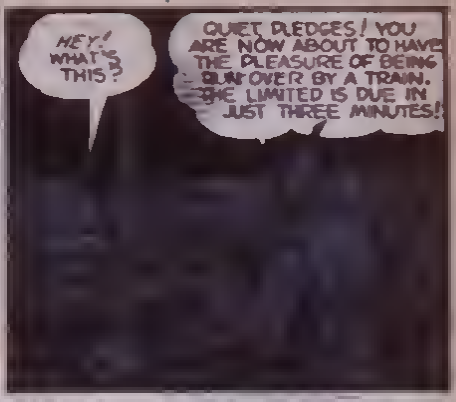
SMACK
BILLY IS MERCILESSLY PADDLED BY THE FRATERNITY BOYS AS HE CRAWLS THRU THE PITCH-BLACK MOUTH OF THE SKULL

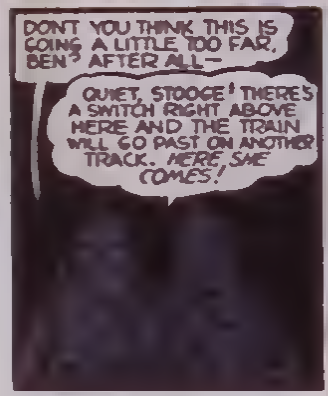
THIS WAY, MEAL ONE AT A TIME
OW! LEMME OUTA HERE!
I'M SCARED
COME ON, FELLOWS, IT'S NOTHING.
THE BOY REPORTER FINDS HIMSELF IN THE COMPANY OF A HALF-DOZEN OTHER PLEDGES LIKE HIMSELF.

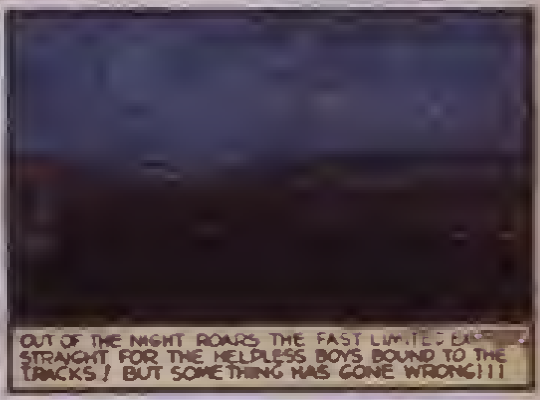

THIS IS A RED-HOT POKER!
THEY CAN'T FOOL ME. THAT'S ONLY A PIECE OF ICE.
THE BOYS ARE PUT THROUGH EVERY STUNT THE MEMBERS OF SKULL CLUB CAN DEVISE.


HO-HO-HO HAW! HAW! STOP IT! HO HO HAW HAW HAW!
MOST OF THE HAZING IS QUITE HARMLESS, BUT PRETTY HARD ON THE NERVES OF THE BLINDFOLDED SUBJECTS.

AS THE FINAL TEST OF BILLY AND THE OTHER INITIATES THEY ARE TAKEN OUT TO A NEARBY RAILROAD.

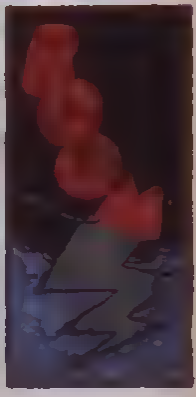

HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
QUIET, PLEDGES! YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF BEING RUN OVER BY A TRAIN. THE LIMITED IS DUE IN JUST THREE MINUTES!

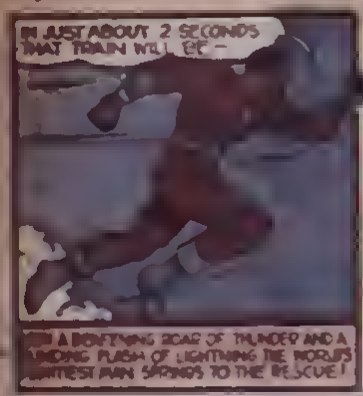

DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS GOING A LITTLE TOO FAR, BEN? AFTER ALL—
QUIET, STOOGE! THERE'S A SWITCH RIGHT ABOVE HERE AND THE TRAIN WILL GO PAST ON ANOTHER TRACK. HERE, SHE COMES!

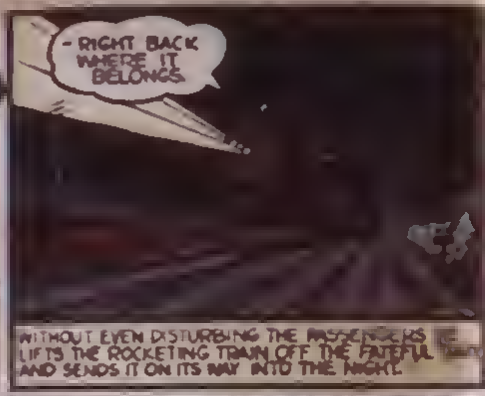

OUT OF THE NIGHT ROARS THE FAST LIMITED EXPRESS STRAIGHT FOR THE HELPLESS BOYS BOUND TO THE TRACKS! BUT SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG!!!

OH, MY GOSH! THE SWITCH IS OUT OF ORDER! THE TRAIN'LL GO RIGHT OVER THEM!!

SHAZAM!

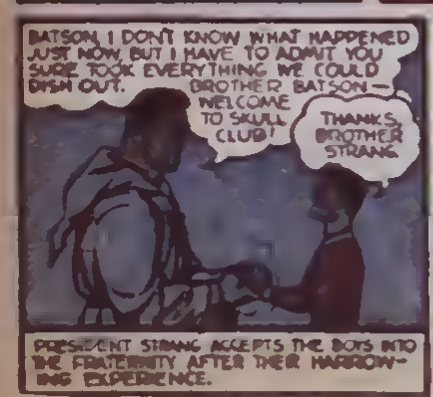



IN JUST ABOUT 2 SECONDS THAT TRAIN WILL BE —
WITH A BONE-TINGING ROAR OF THUNDER AND A WRONG FLASH OF LIGHTNING THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN SPRINGS TO THE RESCUE!

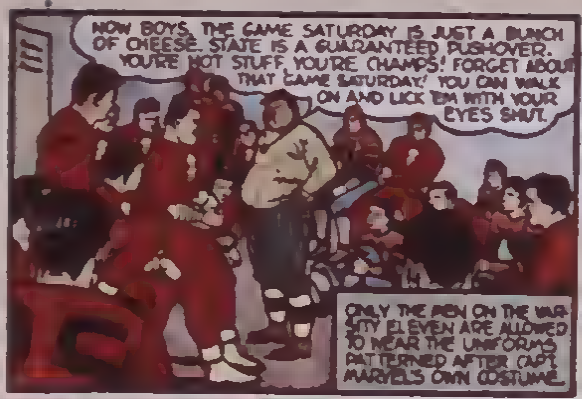

— RIGHT BACK WHERE IT BELONGS.
WITHOUT EVEN DISTURBING THE PASSENGERS LIFTS THE ROCKETING TRAIN OFF THE FATEFUL AND SENDS IT ON ITS WAY INTO THE NIGHT.

NOW TO GET BACK TO THE BOYS. SHAZAM!

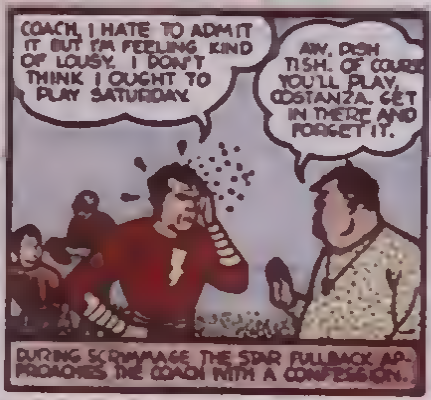
WHAT HAPPENED? IT'S GONE!
WE'RE STILL ALIVE!
COME ON, FELLOWS. THE INITIATION'S OVER.
HIS BRIEF ABSENCE UNNOTICED IN THE EXCITEMENT, BILLY RE-JOINS HIS SCHOOLMATES.


BATSON, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED JUST NOW, BUT I HAVE TO ADMIT YOU SURE TOOK EVERYTHING WE COULD DISH OUT.
BROTHER BATSON — WELCOME TO SKULL CLUB!
THANKS, BROTHER STRANG.
PRESIDENT STRANG ACCEPTS THE BOYS INTO THE FRATERNITY AFTER THEIR HARROWING EXPERIENCE.

COACH, THIS IS OUR NEW WATER BOY
HM. KIND OF A RUNT, AIN'T HE? WELL, GET INTO YOUR SUITS MEN.
YES COACH.
NEXT DAY BILLY'S NEW FRIEND PRESENTS HIM TO COACH SLUG SAMPSON, THE TEAM MAN. BILLY HAS BEEN


NOW BOYS, THE GAME SATURDAY IS JUST A BUNCH OF CHEESE. STATE IS A GUARANTEED PUSHOVER. YOU'RE HOT STUFF, YOU'RE CHAMPS! FORGET ABOUT THAT GAME SATURDAY! YOU CAN WALK ON AND LICK 'EM WITH YOUR EYES SHUT.
ONLY THE MEN ON THE VARSITY ELEVEN ARE ALLOWED TO WEAR THE UNIFORMS PATTERNED AFTER CAPT. MARVEL'S OWN COSTUME.

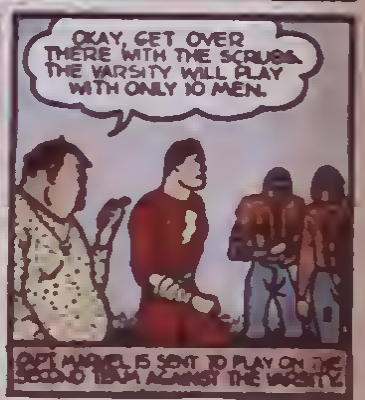
HM! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON HERE, ALL RIGHT. A GOOD COACH DOESN'T CALL ANYBODY A PUSHOVER.
BILLY'S SUSPICIONS ARE HEIGHTENED BY COACH SAMPSON'S STRANGE ATTITUDE.

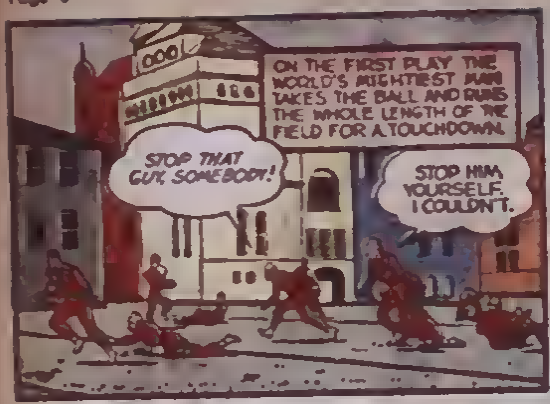

COACH, I HATE TO ADMIT IT BUT I'M FEELING KIND OF LOUSY. I DON'T THINK I OUGHT TO PLAY SATURDAY.
AW, PISH TISH. OF COURSE YOU'LL PLAY, COSTANZA. GET IN THERE AND FORGET IT.
DURING SCRIMMAGE, THE STAR FULLBACK APPROACHES THE COACH WITH A CONFESSION.

OUUUUUUUUU...
EASY, BROTHER. YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LITTLE REST. SHAZAM!

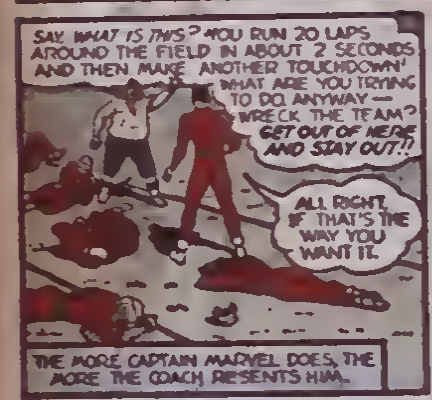
BLAM!

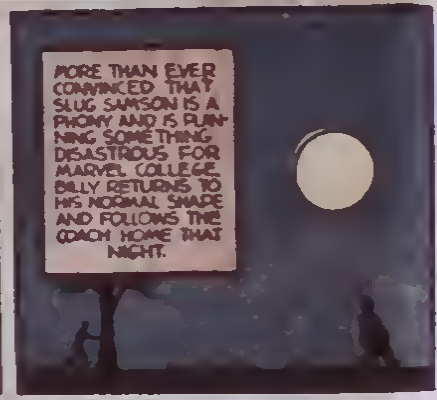
HEY! WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME IS -ER, SMITH. I'M A FRESHMAN, BUT SINCE IT IS PERMISSIBLE TO PLAY VARSITY FOOTBALL FOR FOUR YEARS AT MARVEL COLLEGE, I'D LIKE TO START DOING MY PART NOW.
STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE COACH IS SUSPICIOUS AND HOSTILE.

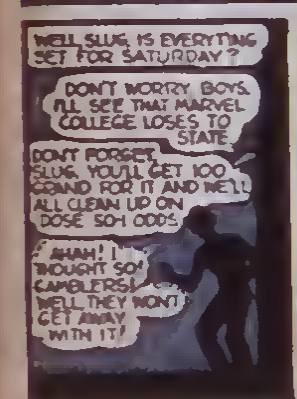

OKAY, GET OVER THERE WITH THE SCRUBS. THE VARSITY WILL PLAY WITH ONLY 10 MEN.
OUT MARVEL IS SENT TO PLAY ON THE SECOND TEAM AGAINST THE VARSITY.

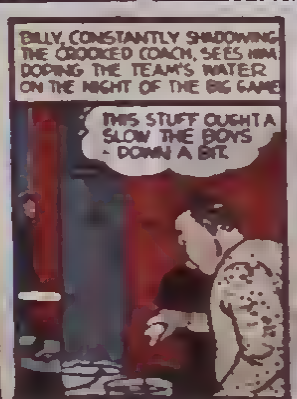

ON THE FIRST PLAY THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN TAKES THE BALL AND RUNS THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE FIELD FOR A TOUCHDOWN.
STOP THAT GUY, SOMEBODY!
STOP HIM YOURSELF. I COULDN'T.

THAT WAS JUST LUCK. RUN 20 LAPS AROUND THE FIELD AND THEN TELL ME IF YOU WANT TO PLAY ANY MORE.
YES, SIR.
INSTEAD OF BEING PLEASED, THE COACH IS ANGRY BECAUSE CAPT. MARVEL DOES SO WELL.

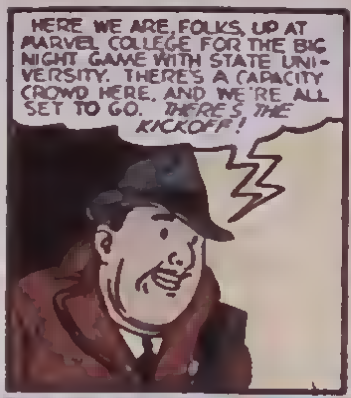

SAY, WHAT IS THIS? YOU RUN 20 LAPS AROUND THE FIELD IN ABOUT 2 SECONDS AND THEN MAKE ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, ANYWAY — WRECK THE TEAM? GET OUT OF HERE AND STAY OUT!!
ALL RIGHT, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT.
THE MORE CAPTAIN MARVEL DOES, THE MORE THE COACH RESENTS HIM.

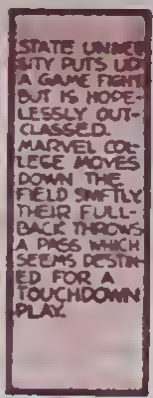

MORE THAN EVER CONVINCED THAT SLUG SAMSON IS A PHONY AND IS PLANNING SOMETHING DISASTROUS FOR MARVEL COLLEGE, BILLY RETURNS TO HIS NORMAL SHAPE AND FOLLOWS THE COACH HOME THAT NIGHT.


WELL SLUG, IS EVERYTHING SET FOR SATURDAY?
DON'T WORRY, BOYS. I'LL SEE THAT MARVEL COLLEGE LOSES TO STATE.
DON'T FORGET, SLUG, YOU'LL GET 100 GRAND FOR IT AND WE'LL ALL CLEAN UP ON DOSE SOH ODDS.
AHAH! I THOUGHT SO! GAMBLERS! WELL, THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!


BILLY, CONSTANTLY SHADOWING THE CROOKED COACH, SEES HIM DOPING THE TEAM'S WATER ON THE NIGHT OF THE BIG GAME.
THIS STUFF OUGHT A SLOW THE BOYS DOWN A BIT.

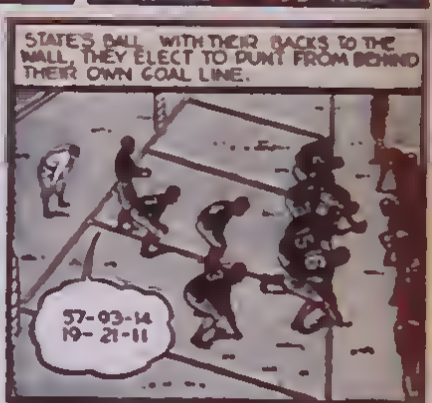
AND THIS OUGHT TO PEP THEM UP AGAIN, MR. SLUG SAMSON, YOU DIRTY BUM!
AS SOON AS THE COACH IS GONE, BILLY PUTS FRESH WATER IN THE PAILS AGAIN.

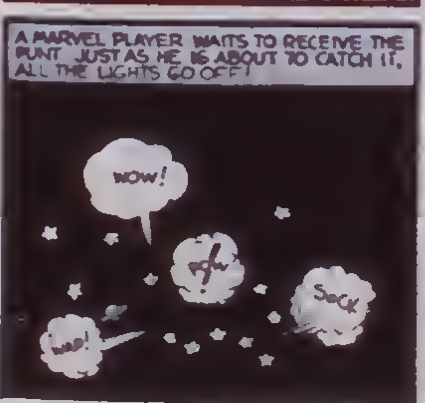

HERE WE ARE, FOLKS, UP AT MARVEL COLLEGE FOR THE BIG NIGHT GAME WITH STATE UNIVERSITY. THERE'S A CAPACITY CROWD HERE, AND WE'RE ALL SET TO GO. THERE'S THE KICKOFF!

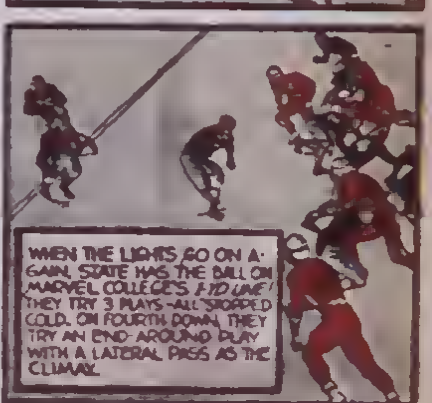

STATE UNIVERSITY PUTS UP A GAME FIGHT BUT IS HOPELESSLY OUTCLASSED. MARVEL COLLEGE MOVES DOWN THE FIELD SWIFTLY. THEIR FULLBACK THROWS A PASS WHICH SEEMS DESTINED FOR A TOUCHDOWN PLAY.

HERE-Y'ARE, WHITEY—DUZ-IT AWAY!

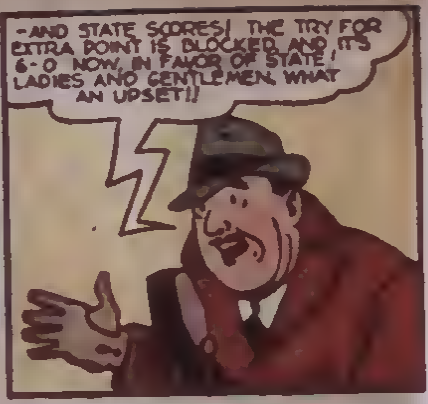
HEY! I CAN'T SEE!
JUST AS THE END IS ABOUT TO CATCH THE PASS, SOMEBODY FLASHES THE LIGHTS IN HIS EYES AND HE DROPS THE BALL.

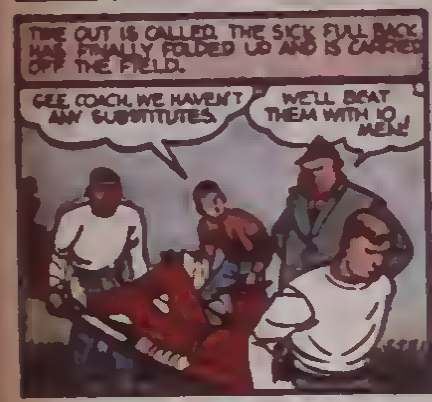

STATE'S BALL. WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WALL, THEY ELECT TO PUNT FROM BEHIND THEIR OWN GOAL LINE.
57-03-14
19-21-11

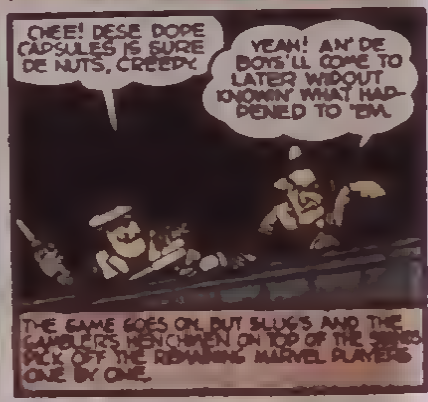

A MARVEL PLAYER WAITS TO RECEIVE THE PUNT. JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO CATCH IT, ALL THE LIGHTS GO OFF!
WOW!
POW
SOCK
BAM!

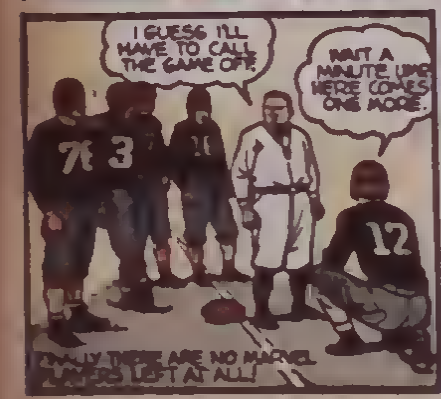

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN, STATE HAS THE BALL ON MARVEL COLLEGE'S 1-YD LINE! THEY TRY 3 PLAYS—ALL STOPPED COLD. ON FOURTH DOWN, THEY TRY AN END-AROUND PLAY WITH A LATERAL PASS AS THE CLIMAX.

OW! MY EYE!
A MARVEL PLAYER IS ABOUT TO INTERCEPT THE PASS WHEN SOMEBODY IN THE GRANDSTAND HITS HIM IN THE EYE WITH A SLINGSHOT!

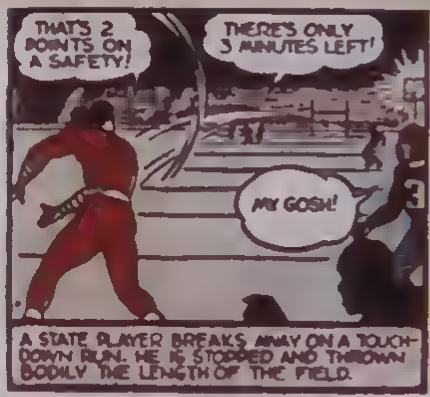

-AND STATE SCORES! THE TRY FOR EXTRA POINT IS BLOCKED, AND IT'S 6-0 NOW, IN FAVOR OF STATE! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHAT AN UPSET!!

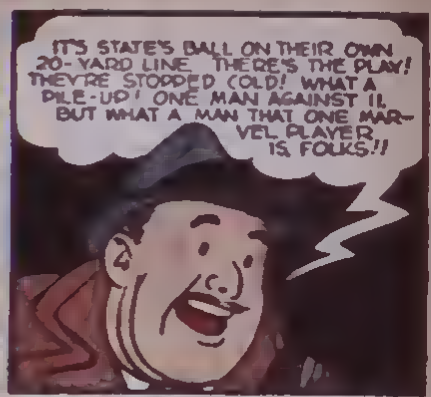

TIME OUT IS CALLED. THE SICK FULL BACK HAS FINALLY FOLDED UP AND IS CARRIED OFF THE FIELD.
GEE, COACH, WE HAVEN'T ANY SUBSTITUTES.
WE'LL BEAT THEM WITH 10 MEN!


CHEE! DESE DOPE CAPSULES IS SURE DE NUTS, CREEPY.
YEAH! AN' DE BOYS'LL COME TO LATER WIDOUT KNOWIN' WHAT HAPPENED TO 'EM.
THE GAME GOES ON, BUT SLUGS AND THE GAMBLER'S HENCHMEN ON TOP OF THE SIDING PICK OFF THE REMAINING MARVEL PLAYERS ONE BY ONE.


I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE GAME OFF.
WAIT A MINUTE UMP! HERE COMES ONE MORE.
FINALLY THERE ARE NO MARVEL PLAYERS LEFT AT ALL!

I'LL CARRY ON FOR THE WHOLE MARVEL TEAM SIR.
ALL RIGHT, IT'S YOUR FUNERAL, YOUNG FELLOW.

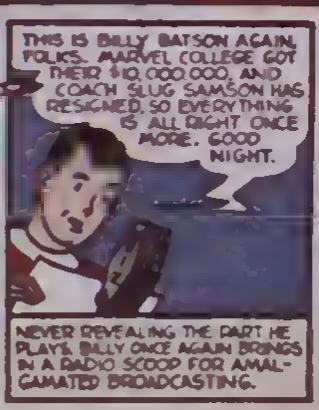

THAT'S 2 POINTS ON A SAFETY!
THERE'S ONLY 3 MINUTES LEFT!
MY GOSH!
A STATE PLAYER BREAKS AWAY ON A TOUCHDOWN RUN. HE IS STOPPED AND THROWN BODILY THE LENGTH OF THE FIELD.

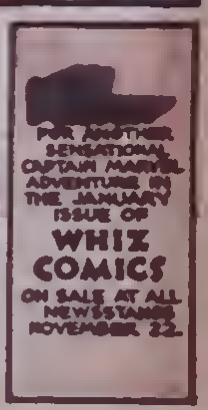

IT'S STATE'S BALL ON THEIR OWN 20-YARD LINE. THERE'S THE PLAY! THEY'RE STOPPED COLD! WHAT A PILE-UP! ONE MAN AGAINST 11, BUT WHAT A MAN THAT ONE MARVEL PLAYER IS, FOLKS!!

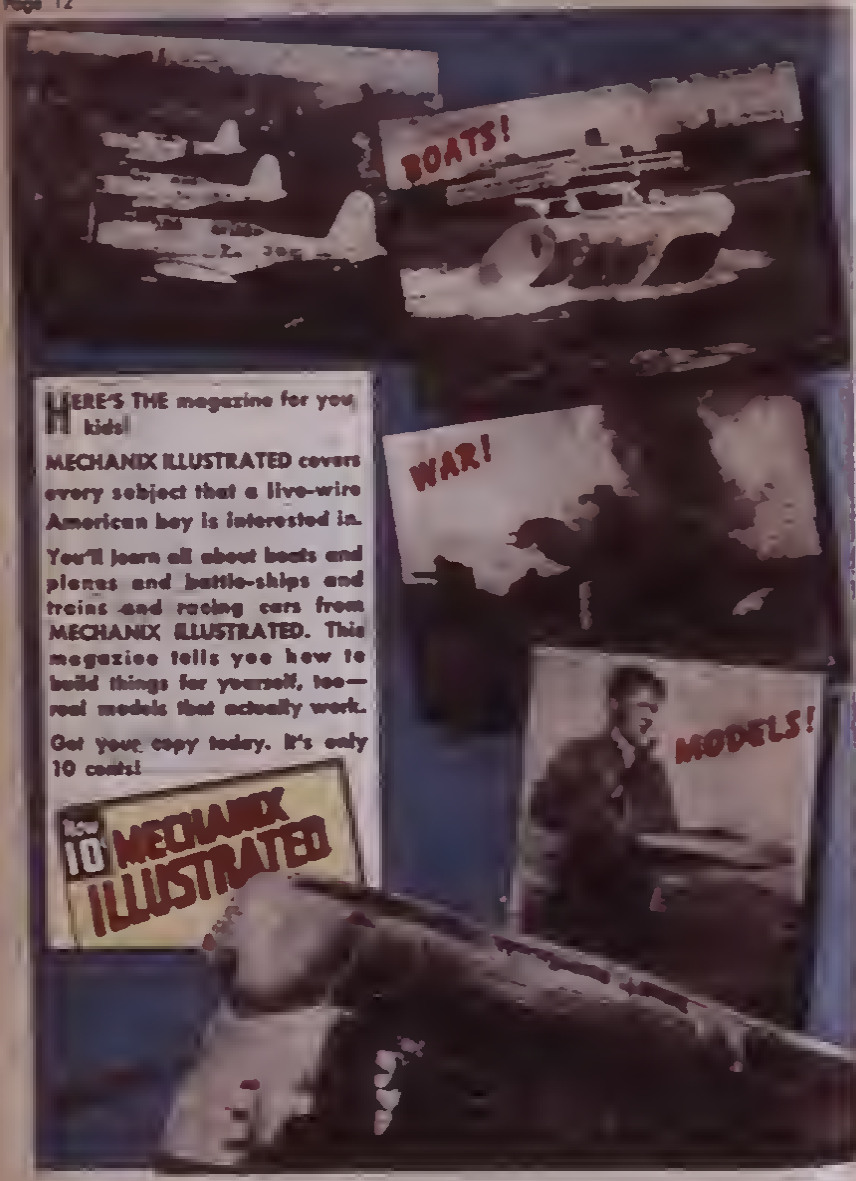
DON'T BAWL, BOYS, WHEN I BALL UP THIS BALL GAME FOR YOU.
ON THE NEXT PLAY, STATE'S FORWARD PASS IS KNOCKED DOWN FROM HIGH IN THE AIR.

IT'S A TOUCHDOWN!
IT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL HIMSELF!
100 YARDS IN TWO SECONDS—I MUST BE SLOWING UP.

CAPTAIN MARVEL KICKS THE CONVERSION AND THE SCORE IS 9-6 IN FAVOR OF MARVEL COLLEGE AS THE FINAL WHISTLE BLOWS!

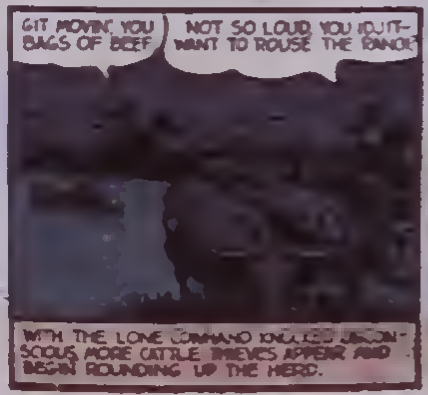

THIS IS BILLY BATSON AGAIN, FOLKS. MARVEL COLLEGE GOT THEIR $10,000,000, AND COACH SLUG SAMSON HAS RESIGNED, SO EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT ONCE MORE. GOOD NIGHT.
NEVER REVEALING THE PART HE PLAYS, BILLY ONCE AGAIN BRINGS IN A RADIO SCOOP FOR AMALGAMATED BROADCASTING.

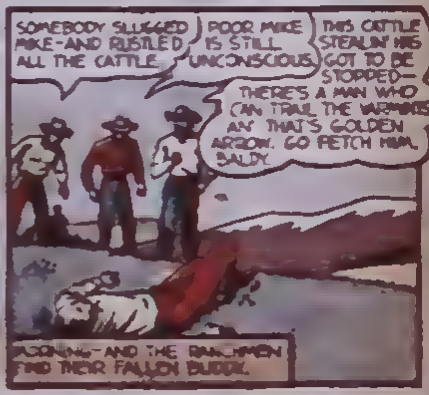

FOR ANOTHER SENSATIONAL CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURE IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF
WHIZ COMICS
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOVEMBER 22.

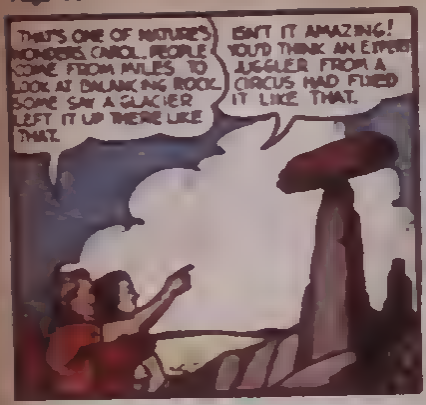

BOATS!
WAR!
MODELS!
HERE'S THE magazine for you kids!
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED covers every subject that a live-wire American boy is interested in.
You'll learn all about boats and planes and battle-ships and trains and racing cars from MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED. This magazine tells you how to build things for yourself, too—real models that actually work.
Get your copy today. It's only 10 cents!
10¢
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED

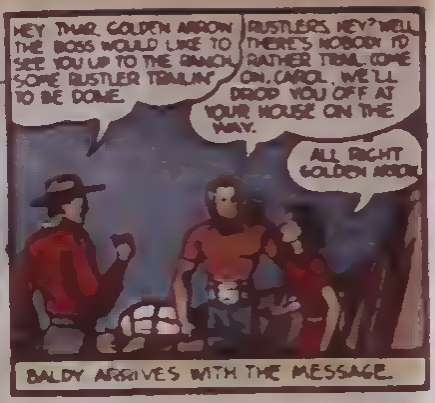
GOLDEN ARROW

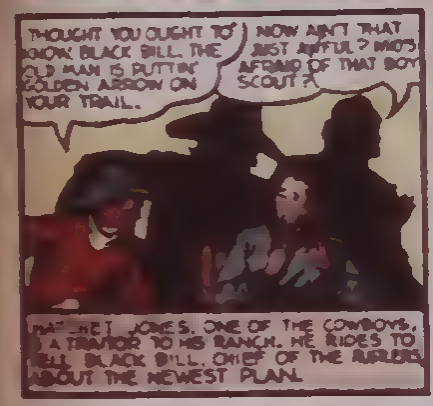
A [illegible] WHITE WIND, HIS POWERFUL STEED, GOLDEN ARROW, MIGHTY ARCHER OF THE WEST, BRAVELY RIDES THE DANGEROUS TRAIL OF JUSTICE IN A COUNTRY TERRORIZED BY VIOLENCE. ARMED ONLY WITH A BOW AND ARROWS MADE OF SOLID GOLD, HE OUTMANEUVERS AND OUTFIGHTS THE WEST'S MOST DESPERATE OUTLAWS

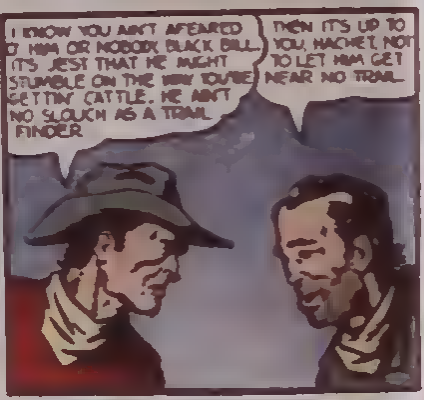


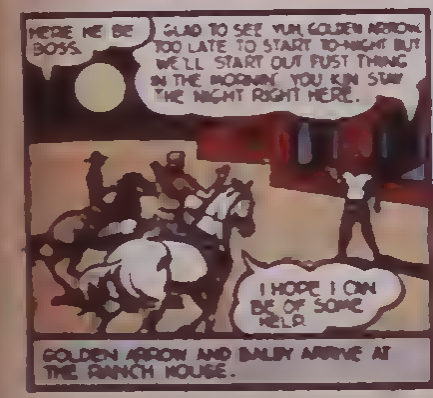


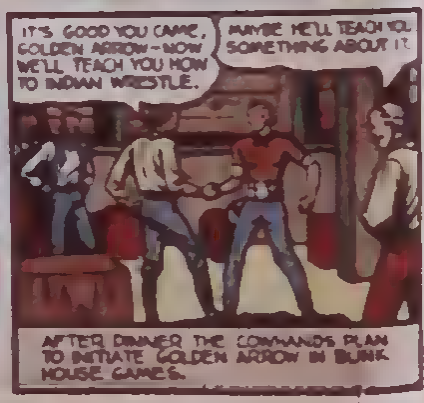

THAT'S ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS, CAROL. PEOPLE COME FROM MILES TO LOOK AT BALANCING ROCK. SOME SAY A GLACIER LEFT IT UP THERE LIKE THAT.
ISN'T IT AMAZING! YOU'D THINK AN EXPERT JUGGLER FROM A CIRCUS HAD FIXED IT LIKE THAT.

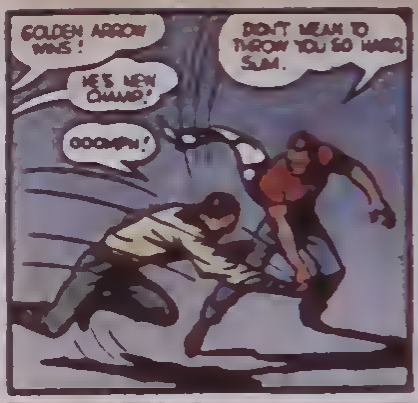

HEY THAR, GOLDEN ARROW THE BOSS WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU UP TO THE RANCH. SOME RUSTLER TRAILIN' TO BE DONE.
RUSTLERS, HEY? WELL THERE'S NOBODY TO RATHER TRAIL. COME ON, CAROL. WE'LL DROP YOU OFF AT YOUR HOUSE ON THE WAY.
ALL RIGHT GOLDEN ARROW.
BALDY ARRIVES WITH THE MESSAGE.

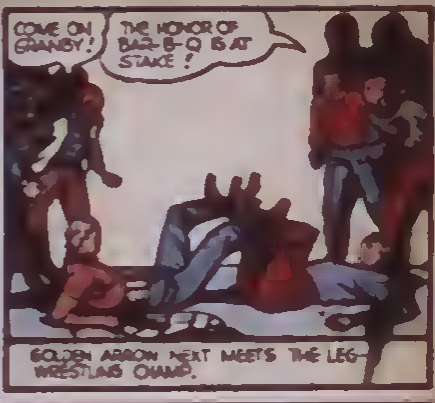

THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO' KNOW, BLACK BILL. THE OLD MAN IS PUTTIN' GOLDEN ARROW ON YOUR TRAIL.
NOW AIN'T THAT JUST AWFUL? WHO'S AFRAID OF THAT BOY SCOUT?
HATCHET JONES, ONE OF THE COWBOYS, IS A TRAITOR TO HIS RANCH. HE RIDES TO TELL BLACK BILL, CHIEF OF THE RUSTLERS, ABOUT THE NEWEST PLAN.


I KNOW YOU AIN'T AFEARED O' HIM OR NOBODY, BLACK BILL. IT'S JEST THAT HE MIGHT STUMBLE ON THE WAY YOU'RE GETTIN' CATTLE. HE AIN'T NO SLOUCH AS A TRAIL FINDER.
THEN IT'S UP TO YOU, HATCHET, NOT TO LET HIM GET NEAR NO TRAIL.

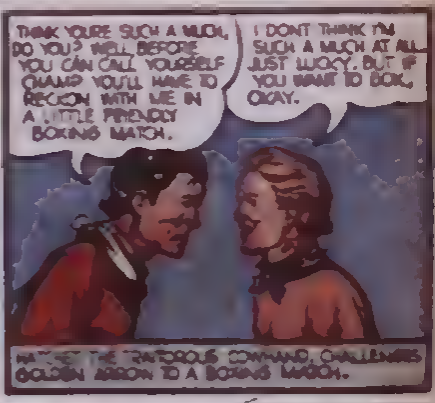

HERE HE BE BOSS.
GLAD TO SEE YUH, GOLDEN ARROW. TOO LATE TO START TO-NIGHT BUT WE'LL START OUT PUST THING IN THE MORNIN'. YOU KIN STAY THE NIGHT RIGHT HERE.
I HOPE I CAN BE OF SOME HELP.
GOLDEN ARROW AND BALDY ARRIVE AT THE RANCH HOUSE.

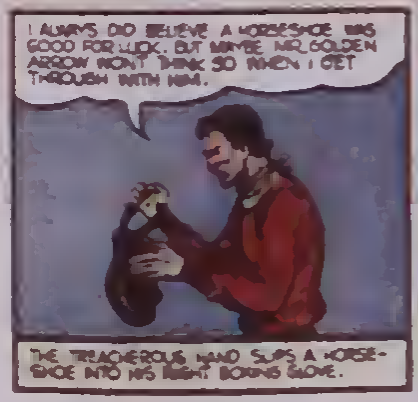

IT'S GOOD YOU CAME, GOLDEN ARROW - NOW WE'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO INDIAN WRESTLE.
MAYBE HE'LL TEACH YOU SOMETHING ABOUT IT.
AFTER DINNER THE COWMANDS PLAN TO INITIATE GOLDEN ARROW IN BUNK HOUSE GAMES.

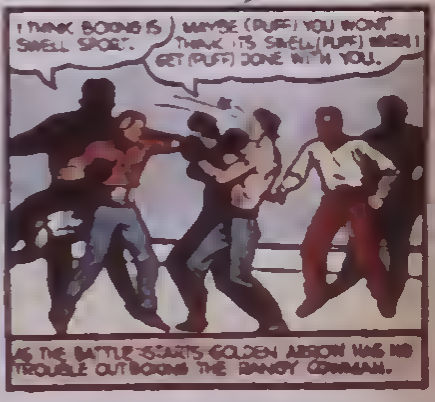

GOLDEN ARROW WINS!
HE'S NEW CHAMP!
DON'T MEAN TO THROW YOU SO HARD, SLIM.
OOOMPH!

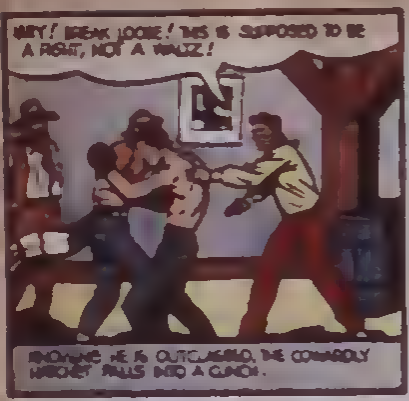

COME ON, GRANDY! THE HONOR OF BAR-B-Q IS AT STAKE!
GOLDEN ARROW NEXT MEETS THE LEG-WRESTLING CHAMP.

HOPE I DIDN'T HURT YOU ANY!
GOLDEN ARROW WINS AGAIN!
YOOUCH!
—AND THE YOUNG ARCHER WINS THIS CONTEST, TOO.

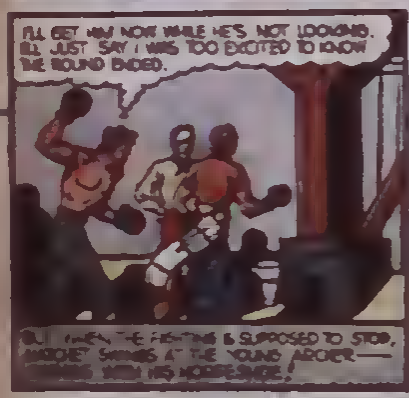

THINK YOU'RE SUCH A MUCH, DO YOU? WELL, BEFORE YOU CAN CALL YOURSELF CHAMP YOU'LL HAVE TO RECKON WITH ME IN A LITTLE FRIENDLY BOXING MATCH.
I DON'T THINK I'M SUCH A MUCH AT ALL. JUST LUCKY. BUT IF YOU WANT TO BOX, OKAY.
WITH THE TRAITOROUS COWMAN, CHALLENGES GOLDEN ARROW TO A BOXING MATCH.


I ALWAYS DID BELIEVE A HORSESHOE WAS GOOD FOR LUCK. BUT MAYBE MR. GOLDEN ARROW WON'T THINK SO WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM.
THE TREACHEROUS HAND SLIPS A HORSESHOE INTO HIS RIGHT BOXING GLOVE.

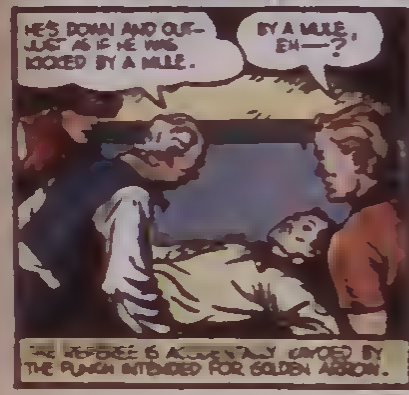

I THINK BOXING IS SWELL SPORT.
MAYBE (PUFF) YOU WON'T THINK ITS SWELL (PUFF) WHEN I GET (PUFF) DONE WITH YOU.
AS THE BATTLE STARTS GOLDEN ARROW HAS NO TROUBLE OUTBOXING THE RANDY COWMAN.

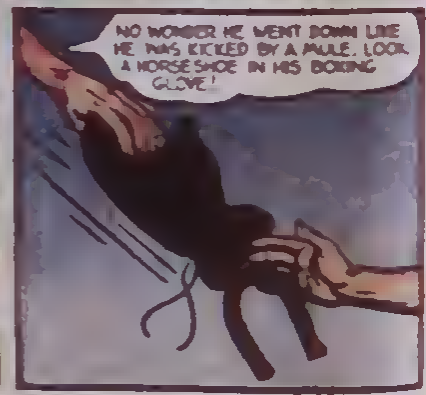

HEY! BREAK LOOSE! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A FIGHT, NOT A WALTZ!
KNOWING HE IS OUTCLASSED, THE COWARDLY ARCHER FALLS INTO A CLINCH.

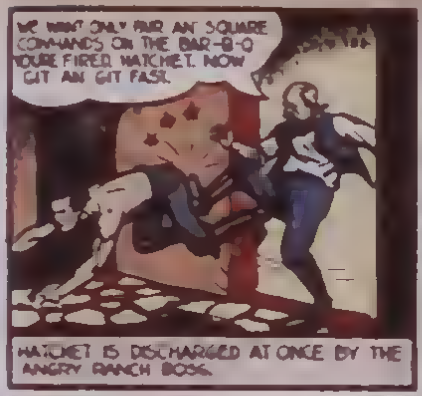
END OF ROUND ONE!

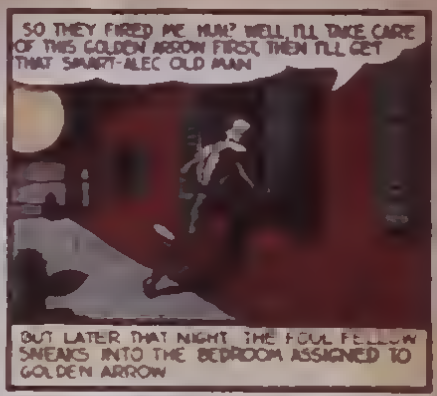

I'LL GET HIM NOW WHILE HE'S NOT LOOKING. I'LL JUST SAY I WAS TOO EXCITED TO KNOW THE ROUND ENDED.
BUT WHEN THE FIGHT IS SUPPOSED TO STOP, ARCHER SWINGS AT THE YOUNG ARCHER — WITH HIS HORSESHOE!

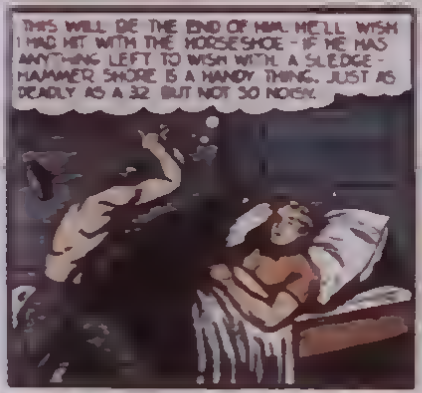
OW!
BUT GOLDEN ARROW'S KEEN EARS HEAR THE SWISH OF THE GLOVE, AND HE DUCKS INSTINCTIVELY.

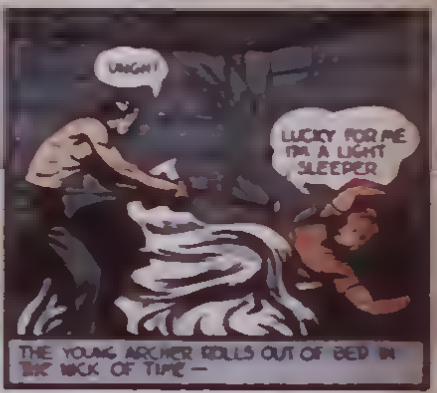

HE'S DOWN AND OUT-JUST AS IF HE WAS KNOCKED BY A MULE.
BY A MULE, EH—?
THE REFEREE IS ACCIDENTALLY UPPED BY THE PUNCH INTENDED FOR GOLDEN ARROW.


NO WONDER HE WENT DOWN LIKE HE WAS KICKED BY A MULE. LOOK A HORSE SHOE IN HIS BOXING GLOVE!

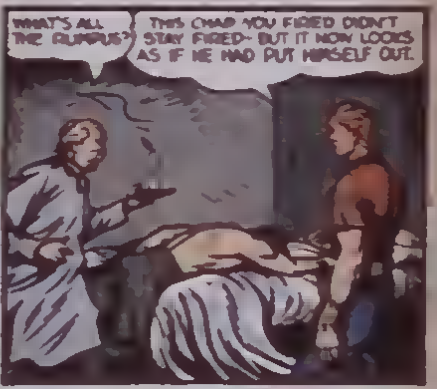

WE WANT ONLY FAIR AN' SQUARE COMMANDS ON THE BAR-B-Q YOU'RE FIRED, HATCHET. NOW GIT AN GIT FAST.
HATCHET IS DISCHARGED AT ONCE BY THE ANGRY RANCH BOSS.

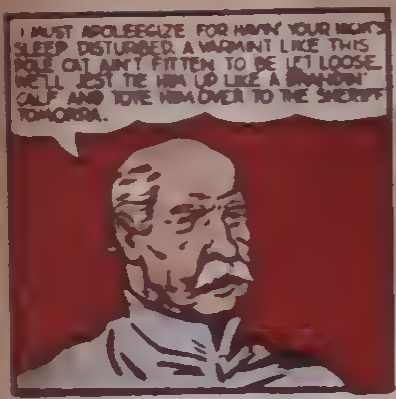

SO THEY FIRED ME, HUH? WELL, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS GOLDEN ARROW FIRST, THEN I'LL GET THAT SMART-ALEC OLD MAN
BUT LATER THAT NIGHT THE FOUL FELLOW SNEAKS INTO THE BEDROOM ASSIGNED TO GOLDEN ARROW

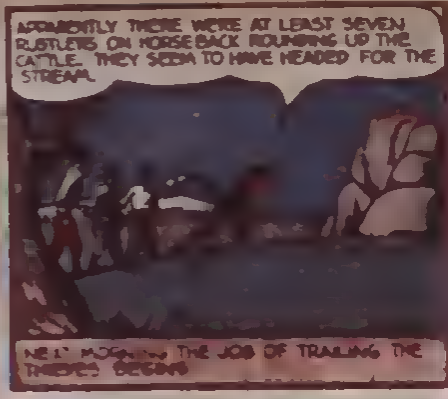

THIS WILL BE THE END OF HIM. HE'LL WISH I HAD HIT WITH THE HORSESHOE - IF HE HAS ANYTHING LEFT TO WISH WITH. A SLEDGE-HAMMER SHORE IS A HANDY THING. JUST AS DEADLY AS A .32 BUT NOT SO NOISY.

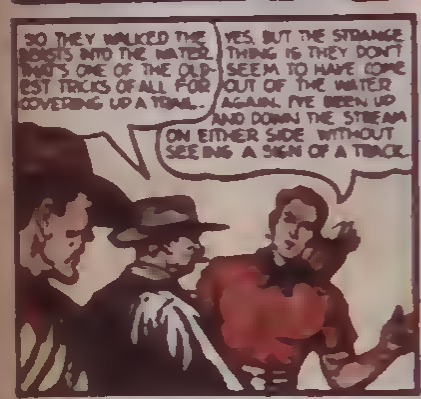

UNGH!
LUCKY FOR ME I'M A LIGHT SLEEPER
THE YOUNG ARCHER ROLLS OUT OF BED IN THE NICK OF TIME —

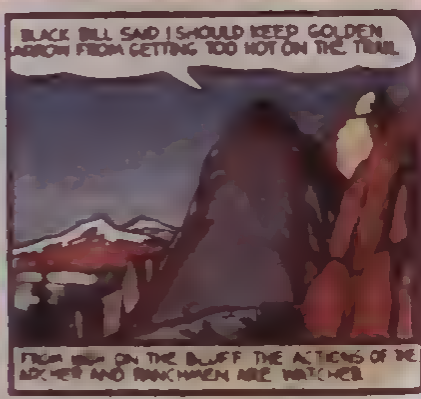
AND THE SLEDGE-HAMMER BOUNCES BACK OFF THE BED TO DEMOLISH THE CONDIMENT IN THE SMALL


WHAT'S ALL THE CLUMPUS?
THIS CHAP YOU FIRED DIDN'T STAY FIRED - BUT IT NOW LOOKS AS IF HE HAD PUT HIMSELF OUT.

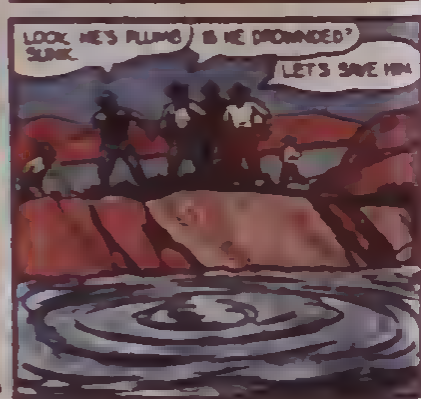

I MUST APOLEEGIZE FOR HAVIN' YOUR NIGH'S SLEEP DISTURBED. A VARMINT LIKE THIS POLE CAT AIN'T FITTEN TO BE LET LOOSE. WE'LL JEST TIE HIM UP LIKE A BRANDIN' CALF AND TOTE HIM OVER TO THE SHERIFF TOMORRA.

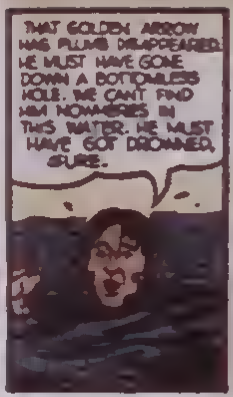

APPARENTLY THERE WERE AT LEAST SEVEN RUSTLERS ON HORSEBACK ROUNDING UP THE CATTLE. THEY SEEM TO HAVE HEADED FOR THE STREAM.
NEXT MORNING THE JOB OF TRAILING THE THIEVES BEGINS


SO THEY WALKED THE HORSES INTO THE WATER. THAT'S ONE OF THE OLDEST TRICKS OF ALL FOR COVERING UP A TRAIL..
YES, BUT THE STRANGE THING IS THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE COME OUT OF THE WATER AGAIN. I'VE BEEN UP AND DOWN THE STREAM ON EITHER SIDE WITHOUT SEEING A SIGN OF A TRACK.

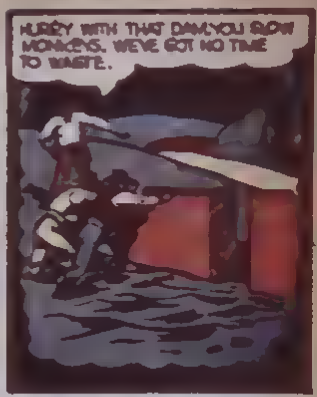

BLACK BILL SAID I SHOULD KEEP GOLDEN ARROW FROM GETTING TOO HOT ON THE TRAIL
FROM HIGH ON THE BLUFF THE ACTIONS OF THE ARCHER AND RANCHMEN ARE WATCHED

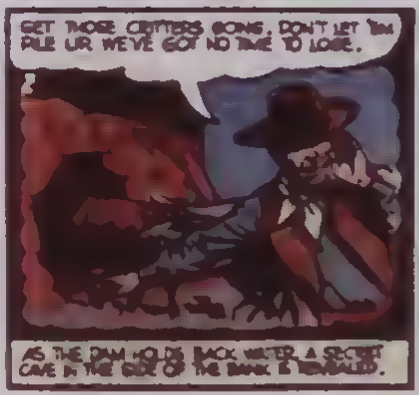
LOOK OUT — SOMEBODY'S SHOOTIN' AT GOLDEN ARROW.

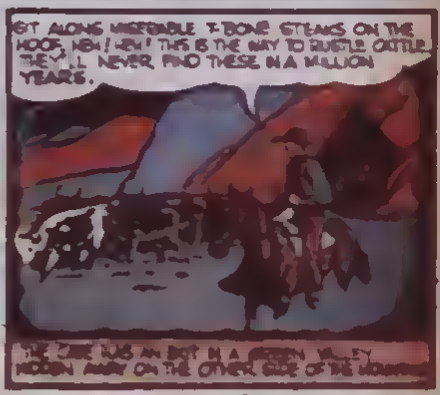

LOOK, HE'S PLUMB SUNK.
IS HE DROWNED?
LET'S SAVE HIM

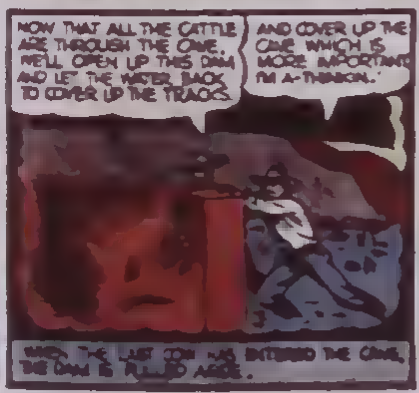

THAT GOLDEN ARROW HAS PLUMB DISAPPEARED. HE MUST HAVE GONE DOWN A BOTTOMLESS HOLE. WE CAN'T FIND HIM NOWHERES IN THIS WATER. HE MUST HAVE GOT DROWNED, SURE.

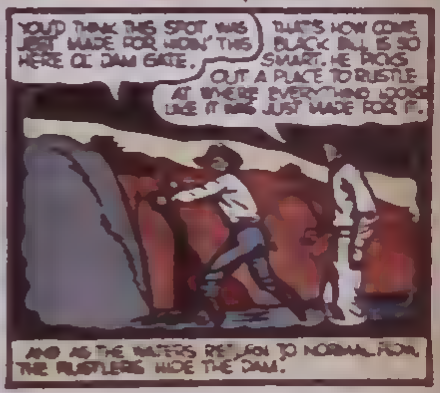
BUT LET US GO BACK NOW AND SEE WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE CATTLE.
MOVE ALONG, YOU BONY BEASTS.

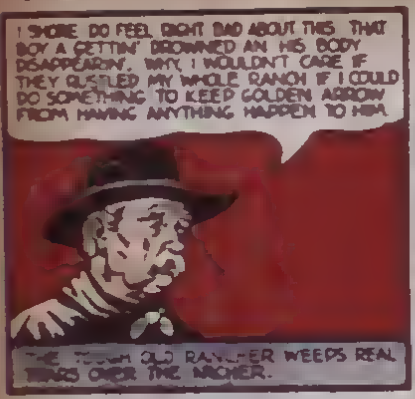

HURRY WITH THAT DAM, YOU SLOW MONKEYS. WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE.

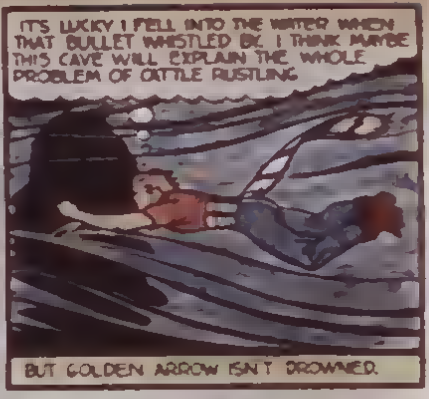

GET THOSE CRITTERS GOING. DON'T LET 'EM PILE UP. WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO LOSE.
AS THE DAM HOLDS BACK WATER, A SECRET CAVE IN THE SIDE OF THE BANK IS REVEALED.

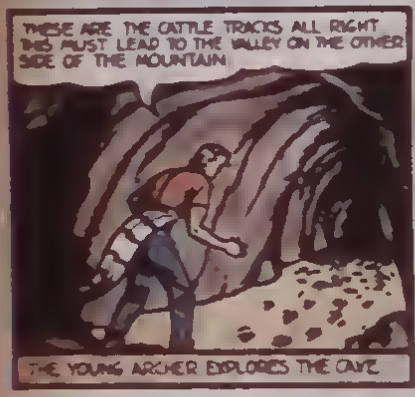

GIT ALONG MISERABLE T-BONE STEAKS ON THE HOOF. HEH! HEH! THIS IS THE WAY TO RUSTLE CATTLE. THEY'LL NEVER FIND THESE IN A MILLION YEARS.
THE CATTLE RUN AWAY IN A GREEN VALLEY HIDDEN AWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

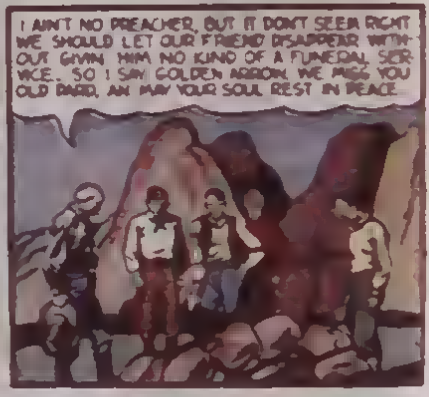

NOW THAT ALL THE CATTLE ARE THROUGH THE CAVE, WE'LL OPEN UP THIS DAM AND LET THE WATER BACK TO COVER UP THE TRACKS.
AND COVER UP THE CAVE WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT! I'M A-THINKIN.'
WHEN THE LAST COW HAS ENTERED THE CAVE, THE DAM IS PULLED ASIDE.

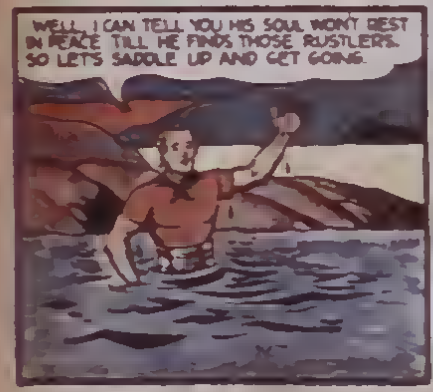

YOU'D THINK THIS SPOT WAS JUST MADE FOR HIDIN' THIS HERE OL' DAM GATE.
THAT'S HOW COME BLACK BILL IS SO SMART. HE PICKS OUT A PLACE TO RUSTLE AT WHERE EVERYTHING LOOKS LIKE IT WAS JUST MADE FOR IT.
AND AS THE WATERS RETURN TO NORMAL, FROM THE RUSTLERS HIDE THE DAM.

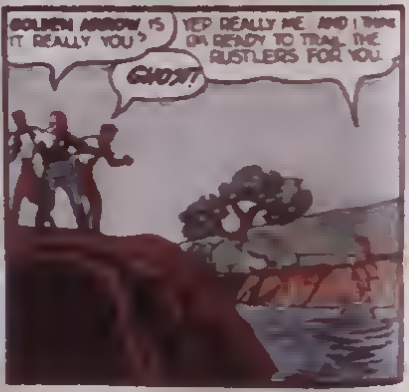

I SHORE DO FEEL RIGHT BAD ABOUT THIS. THAT BOY A GETTIN' DROWNED AN HIS BODY DISAPPEARIN'. WHY, I WOULDN'T CARE IF THEY RUSTLED MY WHOLE RANCH IF I COULD DO SOMETHING TO KEEP GOLDEN ARROW FROM HAVING ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM.
THE TOUGH OLD RANCHER WEEPS REAL TEARS OVER THE ARCHER.

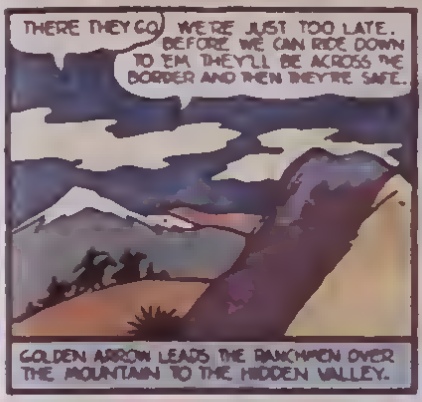

IT'S LUCKY I FELL INTO THE WATER WHEN THAT BULLET WHISTLED BY. I THINK MAYBE THIS CAVE WILL EXPLAIN THE WHOLE PROBLEM OF CATTLE RUSTLING.
BUT GOLDEN ARROW ISN'T DROWNED.

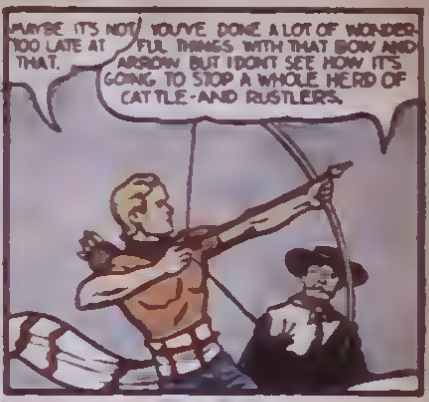

THESE ARE THE CATTLE TRACKS ALL RIGHT. THIS MUST LEAD TO THE VALLEY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.
THE YOUNG ARCHER EXPLORES THE CAVE.


I AIN'T NO PREACHER, BUT IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT WE SHOULD LET OUR FRIEND DISAPPEAR WITHOUT GIVIN' HIM NO KIND OF A FUNERAL SERVICE... SO I SAY GOLDEN ARROW, WE MISS YOU OLD BIRD, AN MAY YOUR SOUL REST IN PEACE.


WELL, I CAN TELL YOU HIS SOUL WON'T REST IN PEACE TILL HE FINDS THOSE RUSTLERS. SO LET'S SADDLE UP AND GET GOING.

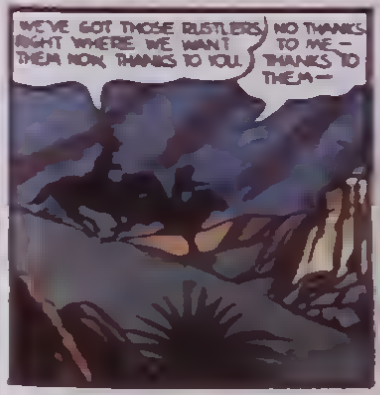

GOLDEN ARROW, IS IT REALLY YOU?
YEP REALLY ME. AND I THINK I'M READY TO TRAIL THE RUSTLERS FOR YOU.
GHOST!

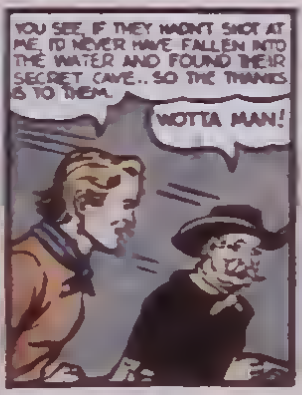

THERE THEY GO! WE'RE JUST TOO LATE. BEFORE WE CAN RIDE DOWN TO 'EM, THEY'LL BE ACROSS THE BORDER AND THEN THEY'RE SAFE.
GOLDEN ARROW LEADS THE RANCHMEN OVER THE MOUNTAIN TO THE HIDDEN VALLEY.

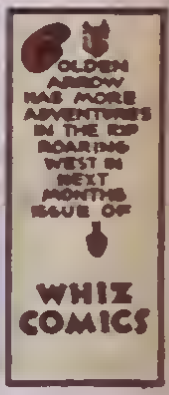

MAYBE IT'S NOT TOO LATE AT THAT.
YOU'VE DONE A LOT OF WONDERFUL THINGS WITH THAT BOW AND ARROW BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT'S GOING TO STOP A WHOLE HERD OF CATTLE-AND RUSTLERS.

THE ARROW SAILS STRAIGHT FOR THE FAMOUS BALANCING ROCK.

IT'S A ROCKSLIDE.. WE CAN'T GET BY LOOK OUT!
THE FALLING ROCK CAUSES A LANDSLIDE, BLOCKING THE VALLEY.


WE'VE GOT THOSE RUSTLERS RIGHT WHERE WE WANT THEM NOW, THANKS TO YOU!
NO THANKS TO ME — THANKS TO THEM—


YOU SEE, IF THEY HADN'T SHOT AT ME, I'D NEVER HAVE FALLEN INTO THE WATER AND FOUND THEIR SECRET CAVE.. SO THE THANKS IS TO THEM.
WOTTA MAN!


GOLDEN ARROW HAS MORE ADVENTURES IN THE RIP ROARING WEST IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF
WHIZ COMICS

LANCE O'CASEY

FAR-FLUNG THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH SEAS IS SWASHBUCKLING, TWO-FISTED LANCE O'CASEY, SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE WHO SAILS IN AND OUT OF SCORES OF ADVENTURE IN HIS STURDY SCHOONER SAMOAN BOMB II—AIDED ALWAYS BY MR. HOGAN, THE WISE LITTLE MONKEY WHO SERVED AS FIRST MATE.

RELAXING AT THEIR SOUTH SEA ISLAND OF MALOANA LANCE O'CASEY AND HIS PAL, EX-PIRATE CAPTAIN DANIEL BOOM, INTERCEPT A RADIO DISTRESS SIGNAL.

THAT'S SAMOAN. CAP'N BOOM. IT'S A GIRL. SHE SAYS—"HELP US! WE WILL BE KILLED! HURRY!"

LE SUA TOFA AITU! FALEFA!

CH-CH-CH!

YES—BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE "IT" IS?

THIS DIRECTION FINDER WILL LOCATE HER. NEXT TIME SHE SENDS I'LL KNOW FOR SURE.

I GOT IT, CAP'N! 150 MILES SOUTHEAST. IT'S THUNDER ISLAND! GET THINGS READY—WE LEAVE AT ONCE.

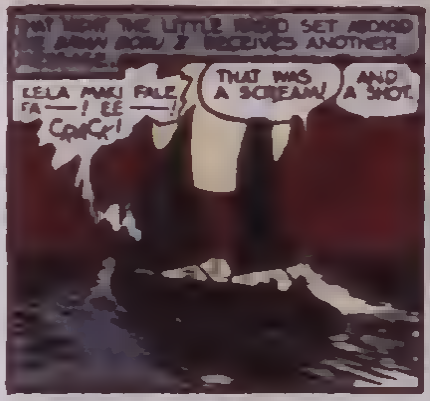
AYE AYE SIR!

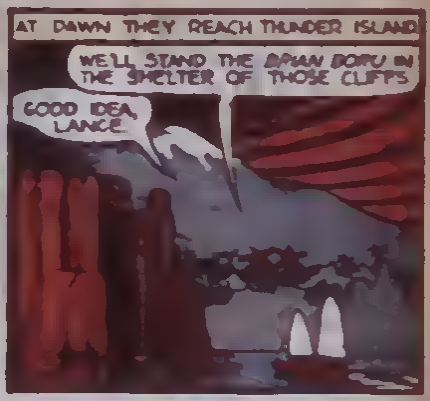
SOFU! KELA MAKI! FALE FALEFA!

ALL SHIPSHAPE.

GOOD—MAKE READY TO CAST OFF.

AI-AI! CH-CH!

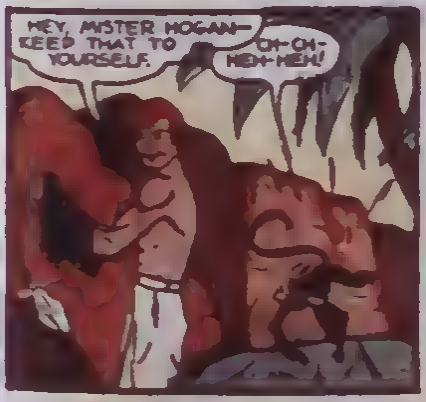

THAT NIGHT THE LITTLE WOOD SET ABOARD THE ARAN BORU. IT RECEIVES ANOTHER
LELA MAKI FALE FA——! EE——! CRACK!
THAT WAS A SCREAM!
AND A SHOT.

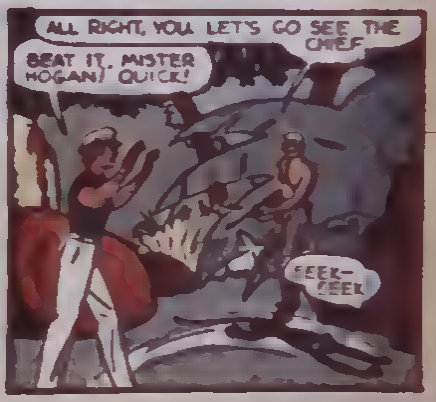

AT DAWN THEY REACH THUNDER ISLAND.
WE'LL STAND THE ARAN BORU IN THE SHELTER OF THOSE CLIFFS.
GOOD IDEA, LANCE.

I'M GOING ASHORE TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND.
I'LL MIND THE SHIP.

PRETTY NEAR THERE, MISTER HOGAN!
CH-CH-AWK!

WATCH LANCE'S APPROACH TO THE ISLAND.

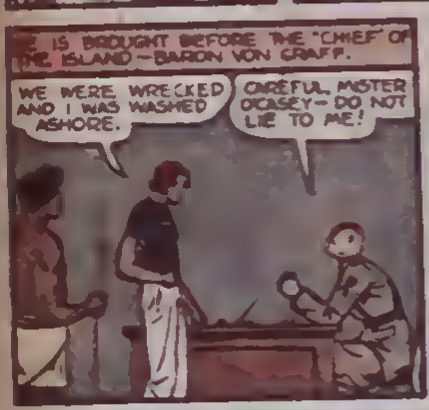

HEY, MISTER HOGAN— KEEP THAT TO YOURSELF.
CH-CH-HEH-HEH!


ALL RIGHT, YOU. LET'S GO SEE THE CHIEF.
BEAT IT, MISTER HOGAN! QUICK!
EEEK-EEEK!

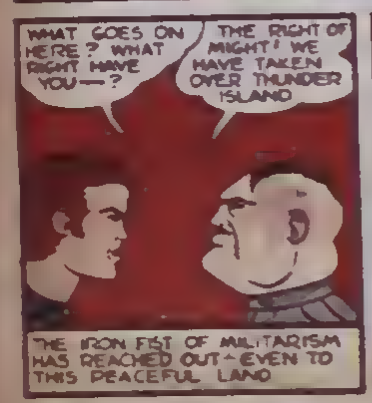
I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS. HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!
OOOW! HELP!

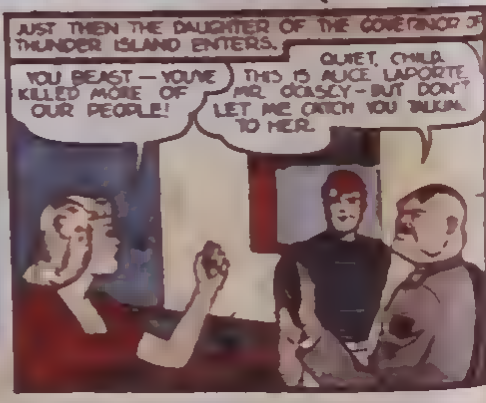
GET GAY WITH LANCE O'CASEY, WILL YA!
THE DARING SAILOR-OF-FORTUNE MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

TOO LATE, LANCE TURNS TO MEET THE NEW FOE.
NUI-NUI-OPU!

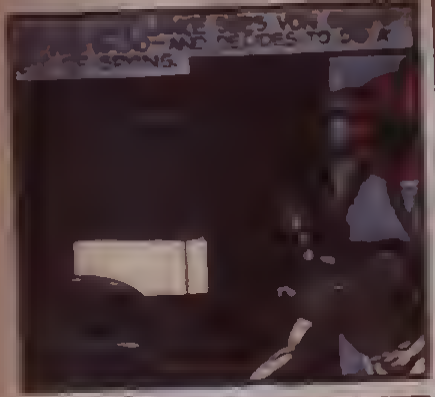

HE IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE "CHIEF" OF THE ISLAND—BARON VON GRAFF.
WE WERE WRECKED AND I WAS WASHED ASHORE.
CAREFUL, MISTER O'CASEY—DO NOT LIE TO ME!

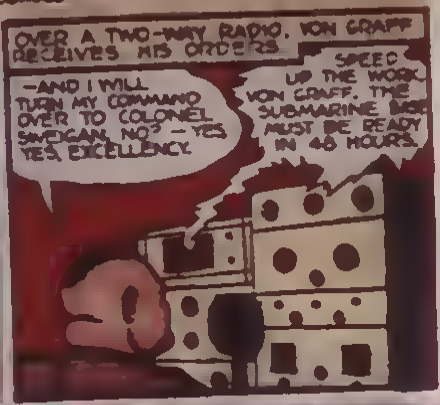
A SECRET PANEL SLIDES OPEN AND LANCE SEES——.
GOOD LORD!
THAT'S MY FIRING SQUAD FOR TRAITORS!

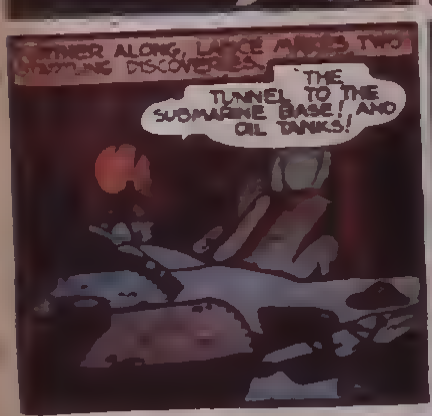

WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU—?
THE RIGHT OF MIGHT! WE HAVE TAKEN OVER THUNDER ISLAND
THE IRON FIST OF MILITARISM HAS REACHED OUT—EVEN TO THIS PEACEFUL LAND

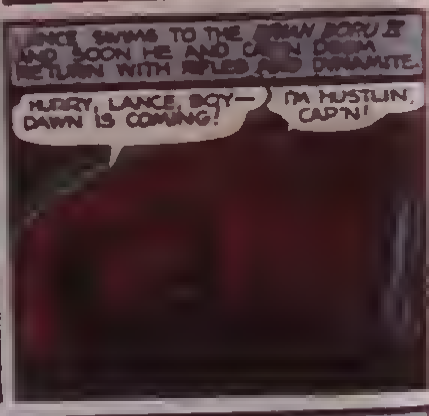

JUST THEN THE DAUGHTER OF THE GOVERNOR OF THUNDER ISLAND ENTERS.
YOU BEAST—YOU'VE KILLED MORE OF OUR PEOPLE!
QUIET, CHILD. THIS IS ALICE LAPORTE. MR. O'CASEY—BUT DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU TALKING TO HER.

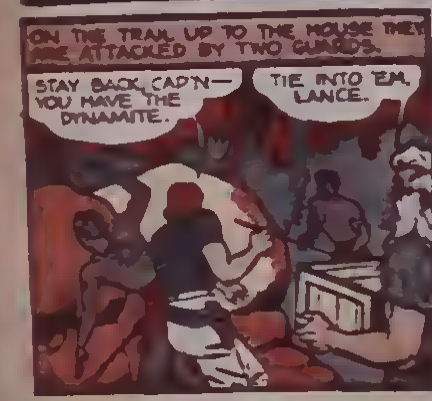
STILL COMPLETELY MYSTIFIED BY THE SITUATION, LANCE, HE LOCKED UP IN THE BLOCK HOUSE.
WELL— WHEN NIGHT COMES I'LL FIND OUT A FEW THINGS— BELIEVE ME
THAT NIGHT, AFTER HOURS OF LABOR, LANCE SUCCEEDS IN BURROWING A HOLE UNDER THE WALL.
HELLO, MISTER HOGAN. IS IT LARGE ENOUGH FOR ME?
OH- SQUEEZE-OH!
BUT AS HE TRIES TO STEAL PAST, THE GUARD WAKES UP.
WE GOTTA WORK FAST MISTER HOGAN
CHUR-CHUR!
BEFORE THE GUARD CAN CRY OUT LANCE CRASHES ONE OF HIS FAMOUS "ADAM'S APPLE" PUNCHES.
GUESS WE'LL NEED THIS —EM, MISTER HOGAN?
MISTER HOGAN LEADS LANCE TO ALICE LAPORTE. HE LEARNS THAT IN HER FATHER'S RESIDENCE VON GRAFF HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE ISLAND.
HE REPRESENTS A FOREIGN POWER, YOU SAY?
YES. SOLDIERS'LL COME SOON. THEY WANT TO ESTABLISH A SUBMARINE BASE HERE.
LANCE THINKS IT'S ABOUT TIME CAP'N DOOM TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME.
HERE, TAKE THIS. IF YOU NEED IT USE IT. I'LL BE BACK SOON.
OH, HURRY— I'M AFRAID OF THAT MAN!

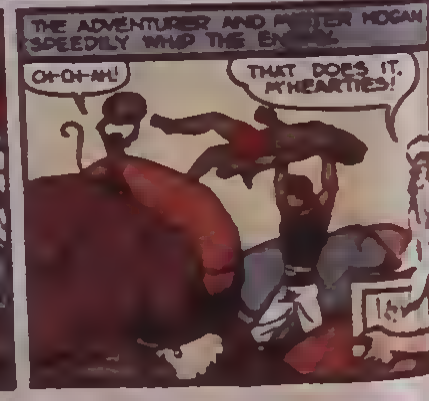

LANCE SEES VON GRAFF ... —AND DECIDES TO DO A ... SPRING.

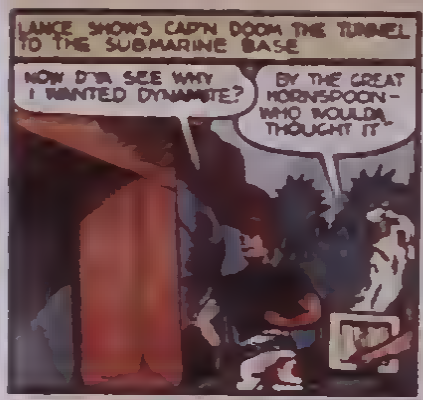

OVER A TWO-WAY RADIO, VON GRAFF RECEIVES HIS ORDERS.
—AND I WILL TURN MY COMMAND OVER TO COLONEL SWEIGAN, NO? — YES YES, EXCELLENCY.
SPEED UP THE WORK, VON GRAFF. THE SUBMARINE BASE MUST BE READY IN 48 HOURS.


FURTHER ALONG, LANCE MAKES TWO STARTLING DISCOVERIES.
THE TUNNEL TO THE SUBMARINE BASE! AND OIL TANKS!

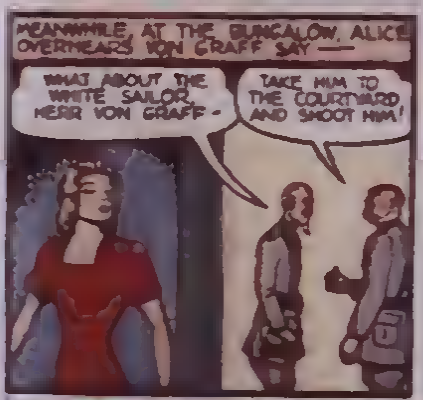

LANCE SWIMS TO THE MORAN BORU II AND SOON HE AND CAPTAIN DEEMA RETURN WITH RIFLES AND DYNAMITE.
HURRY, LANCE BOY— DAWN IS COMING!
I'M HUSTLIN, CAP'N!


ON THE TRAIL UP TO THE HOUSE THEY ARE ATTACKED BY TWO GUARDS.
STAY BACK, CAP'N— YOU HAVE THE DYNAMITE.
TIE INTO 'EM, LANCE.

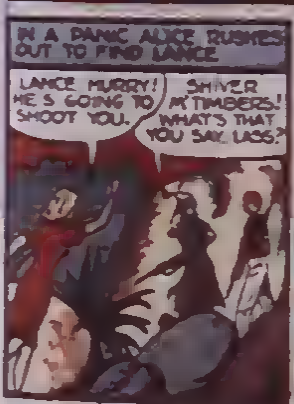

THE ADVENTURER AND MASTER MOGAN SPEEDILY WHIP THE ENEMY.
OH-OH-AH!
THAT DOES IT, M'HEARTIES!


LANCE SHOWS CAP'N DOOM THE TUNNEL TO THE SUBMARINE BASE
NOW D'YA SEE WHY I WANTED DYNAMITE?
BY THE GREAT HORNSPOON - WHO WOULDA THOUGHT IT

IT'LL BLOW THE THING TO KINGDOM COME
IN JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES, LANCE.
CH-CH-FIZZ!

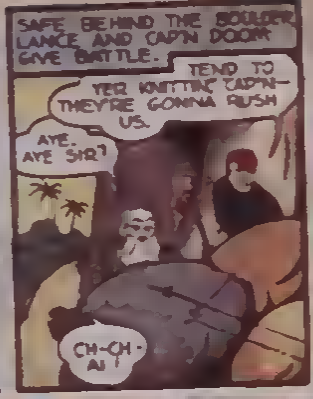

MEANWHILE, AT THE BUNGALOW, ALICE OVERHEARS VON GRAFF SAY —
WHAT ABOUT THE WHITE SAILOR, HERR VON GRAFF -
TAKE HIM TO THE COURTYARD AND SHOOT HIM!

LANCE IS GOING TO BE SHOT. OH, I MUST SAVE HIM!

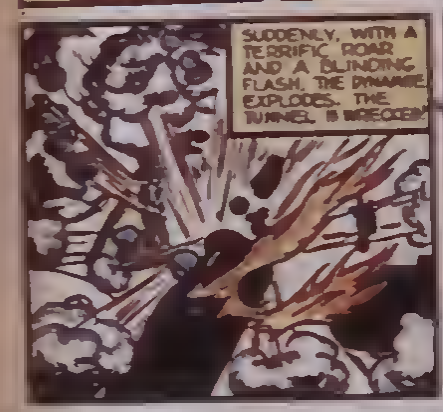

IN A PANIC ALICE RUSHES OUT TO FIND LANCE.
LANCE HURRY! HE'S GOING TO SHOOT YOU.
SHIVER M'TIMBERS! WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, LASS?

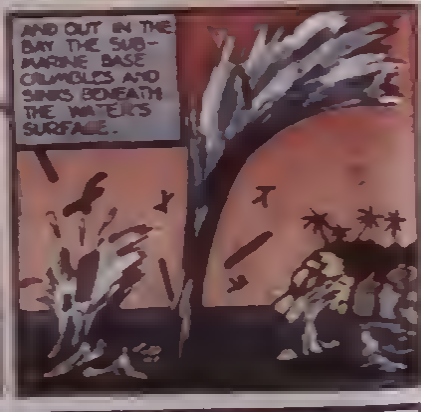
ALICE LEADS THEM TO A SECRET CAVE IN THE FACE OF A STEEP CLIFF.
HURRY! THIS WAY!
HALT - MY EYE.
THERE'S TWO O' THE BLIGHTERS.
HALT OR I'LL FIRE.

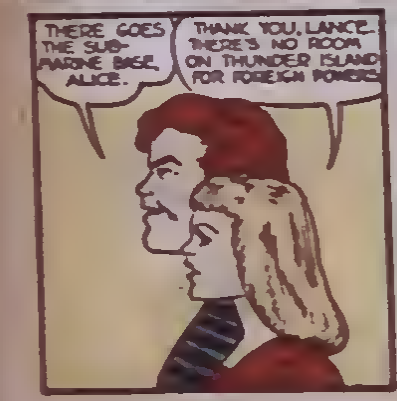
SAY MITEY— THIS IS A REG'LAR FORT!

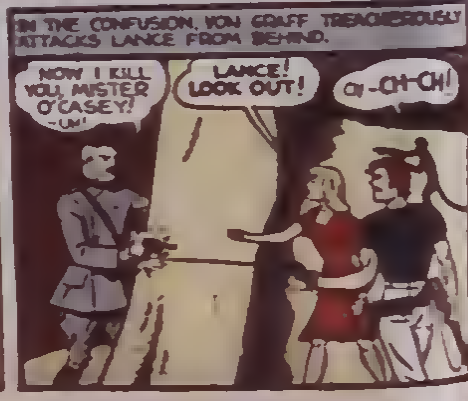

SAFE BEHIND THE BOULDER LANCE AND CAP'N DOOM GIVE BATTLE.
TEND TO YER KNITTING CAP'N— THEY'RE GONNA RUSH US.
AYE. AYE SIR?
CH-CH-AI!

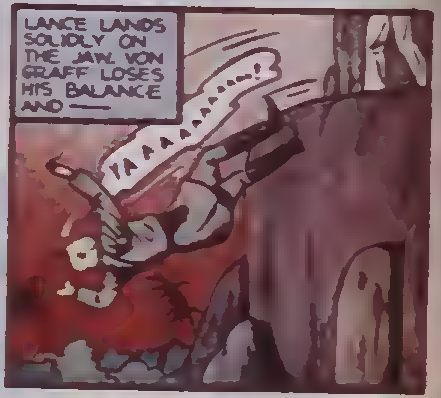
THE ENEMY FORMS FOR AN ATTACK IN THE FACE OF WITHERING GUNFIRE.
COME ON, HERR VON GRAFF SAID— GET O'CASEY ALI —UM!

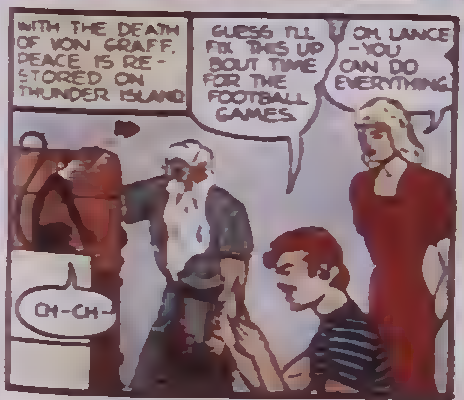

SUDDENLY, WITH A TERRIFIC ROAR AND A BLINDING FLASH, THE DYNAMITE EXPLODES. THE TUNNEL IS WRECKED!


AND OUT IN THE BAY THE SUBMARINE BASE CRUMBLES AND SINKS BENEATH THE WATER'S SURFACE.


THERE GOES THE SUBMARINE BASE, ALICE.
THANK YOU, LANCE. THERE'S NO ROOM ON THUNDER ISLAND FOR FOREIGN POWERS!


IN THE CONFUSION, VON GRAFF TREACHEROUSLY ATTACKS LANCE FROM BEHIND.
NOW I KILL YOU, MISTER O'CASEY! —UM!
LANCE! LOOK OUT!
CH-CH-CH!





BUT LONG BEFORE THESE FOOTBALL GAMES OUR FRIENDS LANCE O'CASEY, CAPT. DOOM AND MISTER MOGAN ARE GOING TO STEP SMACK INTO A MESS OF TROUBLE. WATCH FOR THEM IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF —

WHIZ COMICS

SEA-DOGS

by LANCE CORNEY

JACK AND LUCKY HERE'S OFF AGAIN ON ANOTHER JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF MORE STRANGE AND LITTLE KNOWN FACTS OF THE SEA AND ITS SAILORS

HENRY HUDSON

DISCOVERER OF THE HUDSON RIVER—ON HIS SECOND TRIP FURTHER NORTH IN SEARCH OF A PASSAGE TO CHINA—HIS MUTINOUS CREW SET HIM AND HIS SEVEN YEAR OLD SON ADRIFT, AND THEY PERISHED IN THE BAY THAT BEARS HIS NAME!

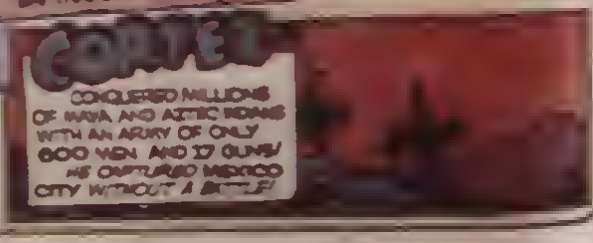
UNITED STATES COAST GUARD

THIS STARTED JAN. 1915. THE U.S. TREASURY CONTROLS IT IN PEACE TIMES, AND THE NAVY IN TIMES OF WAR.

SEA LANGUAGE

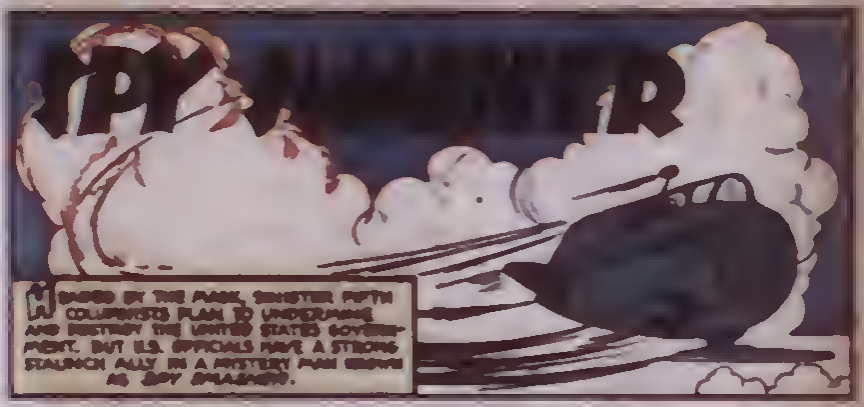
BLOWFISH... WHALE
LUM... HANDLE OF AN OAR.
MORUS... MONEY
BOTTOMS OUT... THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA BEYOND REACH OF LAND

More INTERESTING SEA-LORE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!

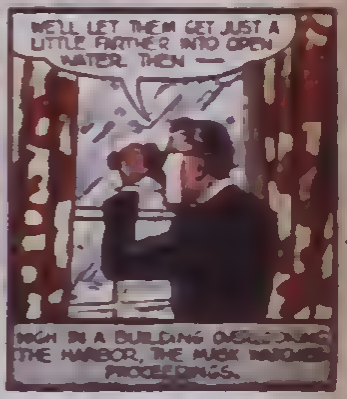


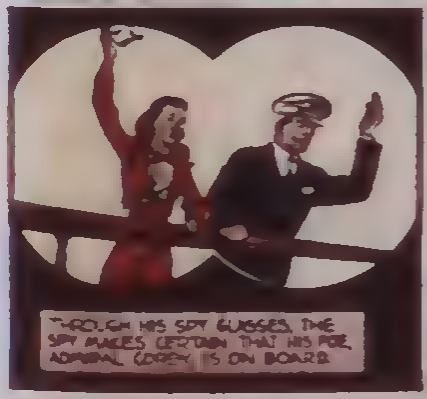
CORTEZ

CONQUERED MILLIONS OF MAYA AND AZTEC HOMES WITH AN ARMY OF ONLY 600 MEN AND 17 GUNS! HE CAPTURED MEXICO CITY WITHOUT A BATTLE!


SPY
R
THWARTED BY THE PUBLIC, SINISTER FIFTH LAV COLUMNISTS PLAN TO UNDERMINE AND DESTROY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. BUT U.S. OFFICIALS HAVE A STRONG STAUNCH ALLY IN A MYSTERY MAN KNOWN AS SPY SMASHER.

BON VOYAGE!
GOODBYE!
SO LONG, EVE!
GOOD BYE, ADMIRAL CORBY!
GOOD WEATHER!
IN NEW YORK HARBOR A U.S. WARSHIP PREPARES TO SAIL TO SOUTH AMERICA ON A GOOD WILL TRIP AMONG ARE ADMIRAL CORBY OF THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT AND HIS DRAMMER-SECRETARY, EVE.

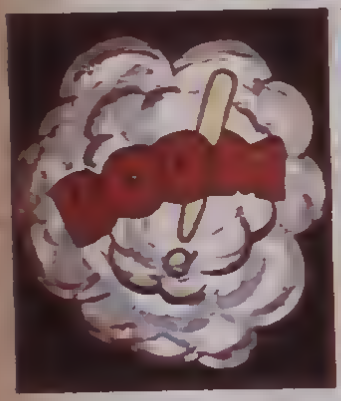

WE'LL LET THEM GET JUST A LITTLE FARTHER INTO OPEN WATER. THEN —
HIGH IN A BUILDING OVERLOOKING THE HARBOR, THE MUCK WATCHES PROCEEDINGS.


THROUGH HIS SPY GLASSES, THE SPY MAKES CERTAIN THAT HIS FOE, ADMIRAL CORBY, IS ON BOARD.

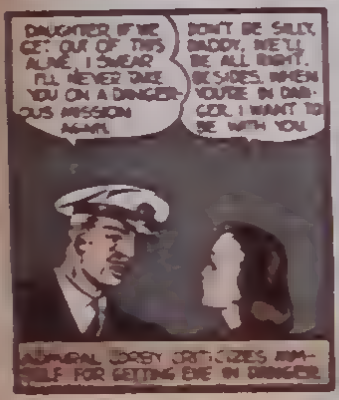
GET BACK — THEY'RE OUT IN OPEN WATER NOW!
THE SPY LEADER GIVES ORDERS TO OTHERS INSIDE THE ROOM.

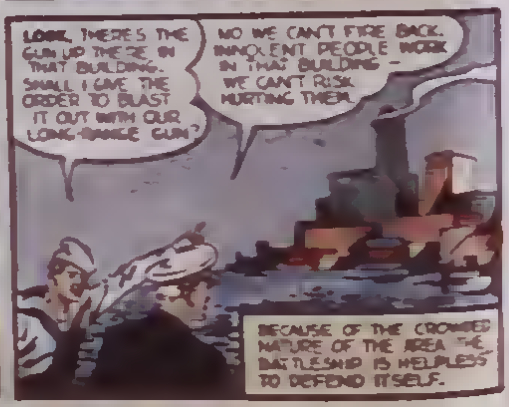
A GIANT GUN MUZZLE APPEARS AT ONE OF THE WINDOWS.
AIM HER AMIDSHIPS— WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS.

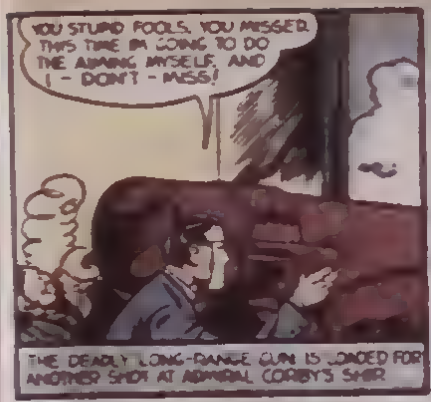
GET ON THE BALL, YOU MUGGS! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY, AND WHEN YOU SHOOT, SHOOT TO BLAST THAT SHIP INTO PIECES SO SMALL THEY'LL FIT IN A GNAT'S EYE.



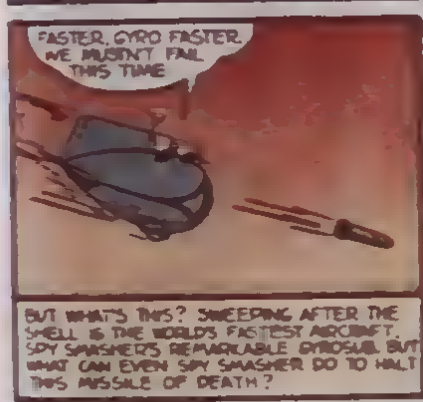
LOOK OUT!
WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
MAN THE LIFE BOATS!
KEEP COOL! KEEP COOL! EVERY MAN TO HIS POST AND KEEP COOL.
THE SHELL FAILS TO STRIKE WITH FULL FORCE BUT TEARS OFF THE CROW'S NEST.

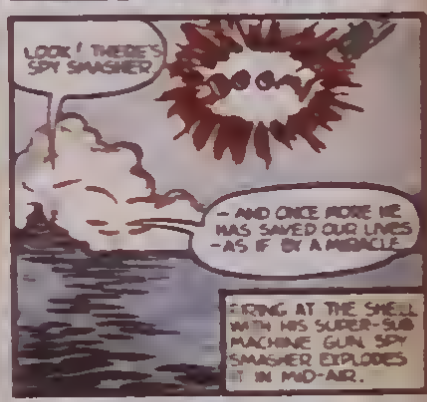

DAUGHTER IF WE GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE, I SWEAR I'LL NEVER TAKE YOU ON A DANGEROUS MISSION AGAIN.
DON'T BE SILLY, DADDY, WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. BESIDES, WHEN YOU'RE IN DANGER, I WANT TO BE WITH YOU.
ADMIRAL GREY CRITICIZES AMAZILE FOR GETTING EVE IN DANGER.

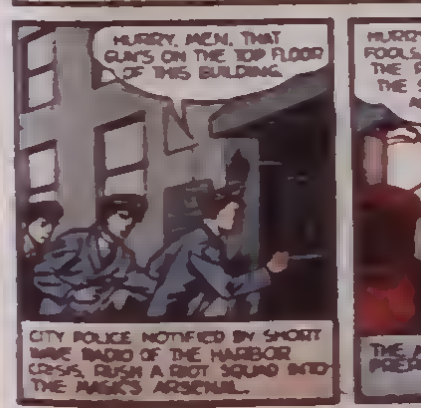

LOOK, THERE'S THE GUN UP THERE, IN THAT BUILDING. SHALL I GIVE THE ORDER TO BLAST IT OUT WITH OUR LONG-RANGE GUN?
NO WE CAN'T FIRE BACK. INNOCENT PEOPLE WORK IN THAT BUILDING — WE CAN'T RISK HURTING THEM.
BECAUSE OF THE CROWDED NATURE OF THE AREA THE BATTLESHIP IS HELPLESS TO DEFEND ITSELF.


YOU STUPID FOOLS. YOU MISSED! THIS TIME I'M GOING TO DO THE AIMING MYSELF, AND I - DON'T - MISS!
THE DEADLY LONG-RANGE GUN IS LOADED FOR ANOTHER SHOT AT ADMIRAL CORBY'S SHIP.

DIVE, EVE. ABANDON SHIP MEN. HERE COMES ANOTHER SHELL. I'LL STAND BY.
ANOTHER SHELL HURTLES WITH DEADLY AIM TOWARD THE VESSEL.

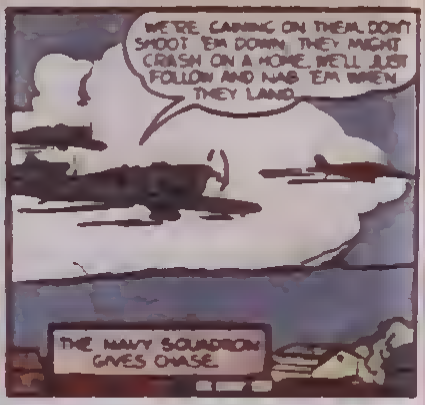

FASTER, GYRO FASTER. WE MUSTN'T FAIL THIS TIME.
BUT WHAT'S THIS? SWEEPING AFTER THE SHELL IS THE WORLD'S FASTEST AIRCRAFT. SPY SMASHER'S REMARKABLE GYROSAIL. BUT WHAT CAN EVEN SPY SMASHER DO TO HALT THIS MISSILE OF DEATH?

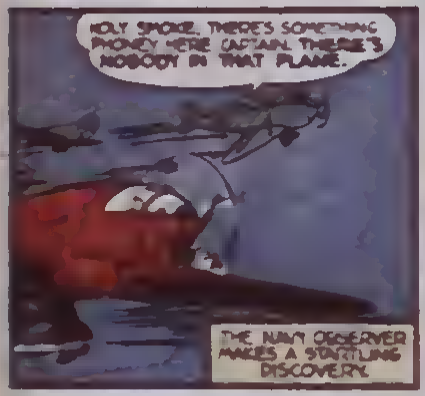

LOOK! THERE'S SPY SMASHER.
- AND ONCE MORE HE HAS SAVED OUR LIVES - AS IF BY A MIRACLE.
FIRING AT THE SHELL WITH HIS SUPER-SUB MACHINE GUN, SPY SMASHER EXPLODES IT IN MID-AIR.

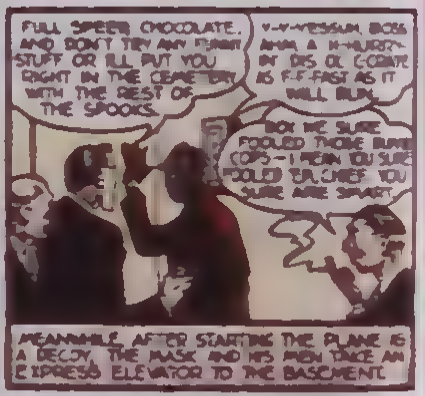

HURRY, MEN. THAT GUN'S ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THIS BUILDING.
CITY POLICE NOTIFIED BY SHORT WAVE RADIO OF THE HARBOR CRISIS, RUSH A RIOT SQUAD INTO THE MASK'S ARSENAL.

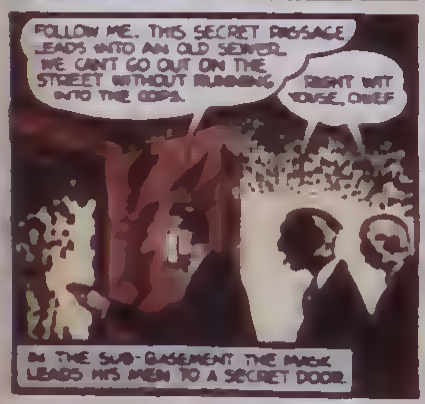
HURRY, YOU BLUNDERING FOOLS, HURRY. I HEAR THE POLICE SIRENS ON THE STREET BELOW ALREADY.
GEE, CHIEF, WE'RE HURRYIN' AS FAST AS WE CAN.
THE MASK AND HIS MEN PREPARE FOR A SPEEDY GETAWAY.

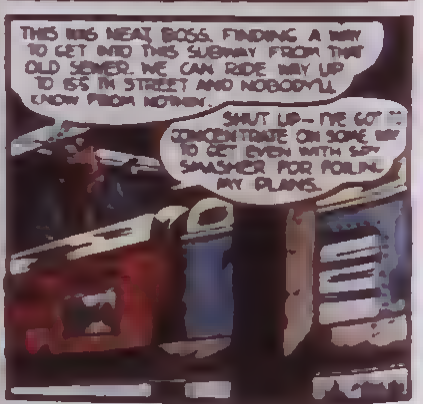
THERE THEY GO.
THOSE DIRTY RATS — AN' I WANTED A CHANCE TO PUNCH 'EM MY OWN SELF.
THEY WON'T GET FAR. THE NAVY PLANES ARE ALREADY UP READY TO CHASE 'EM.

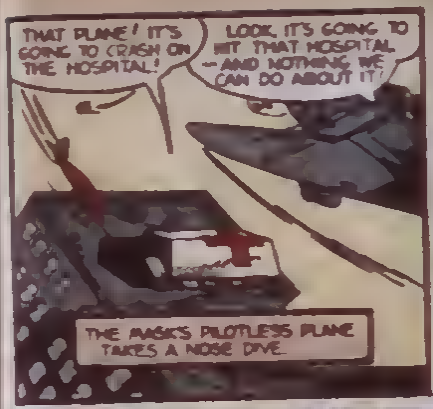

WE'RE GAINING ON THEM. DON'T SHOOT 'EM DOWN. THEY MIGHT CRASH ON A HOME. WE'LL JUST FOLLOW AND NAB 'EM WHEN THEY LAND.
THE NAVY SQUADRON GIVES CHASE.

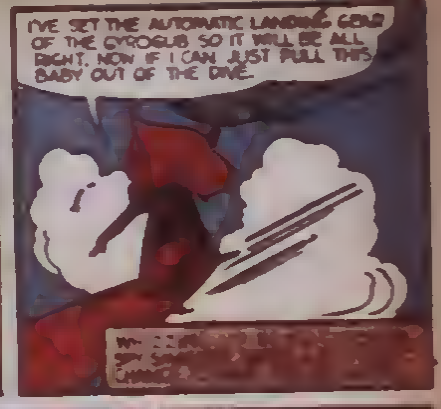

HOLY SMOKE. THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY HERE CAPTAIN. THERE'S NOBODY IN THAT PLANE.
THE NAVY OBSERVER MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

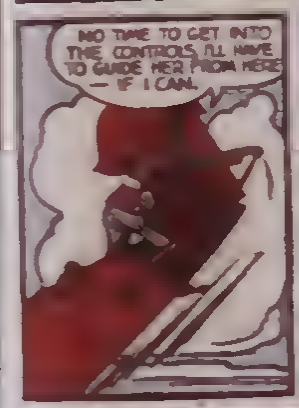

FULL SPEED CHOCOLATE. AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF OR I'LL PUT YOU RIGHT IN THE CEMETERY WITH THE REST OF THE SPOOKS.
Y-Y-YESSUM BOSS AHM A H-HURRY-IN DIS OL C-CORATE AS F-F-FAST AS IT WILL RUN.
BOY WE SURE FOOLED THOSE DUMB COPS — I MEAN YOU SURE FOOLED 'EM, CHIEF. YOU SURE ARE SMART.
MEANWHILE, AFTER STARTING THE PLANE AS A DECOY, THE MASK AND HIS MEN TAKE AN EXPRESS ELEVATOR TO THE BASEMENT.

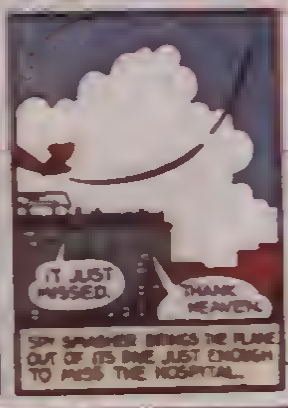

FOLLOW ME. THIS SECRET PASSAGE LEADS INTO AN OLD SEWER. WE CAN'T GO OUT ON THE STREET WITHOUT RUNNING INTO THE COPS.
RIGHT WIT YOUSE, CHIEF.
IN THE SUB-BASEMENT THE MASK LEADS HIS MEN TO A SECRET DOOR.

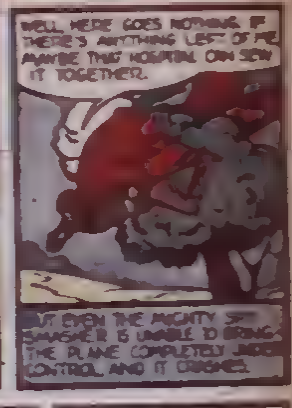

THIS WAS NEAT, BOSS. FINDING A WAY TO GET INTO THIS SUBWAY FROM THAT OLD SEWER. WE CAN RIDE WAY UP TO 155 TH STREET AND NOBODY'LL KNOW FROM NOTHIN'.
SHUT UP — I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE ON SOME WAY TO GET EVEN WITH SKY SMASHER FOR FOILING MY PLANS.

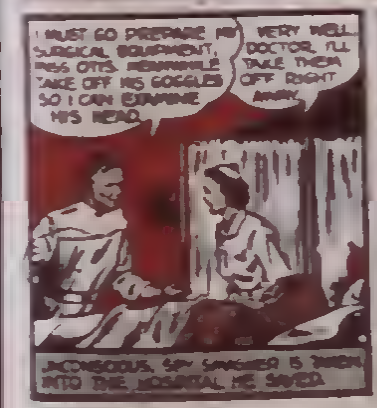

THAT PLANE! IT'S GOING TO CRASH ON THE HOSPITAL!
LOOK, IT'S GOING TO HIT THAT HOSPITAL — AND NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!
THE MASK'S PILOTLESS PLANE TAKES A NOSE DIVE.

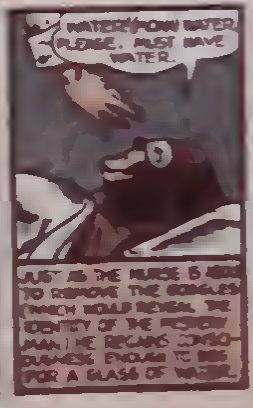

I'VE SET THE AUTOMATIC LANDING GEAR OF THE GYROGLIB SO IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT. NOW IF I CAN JUST PULL THIS BABY OUT OF THE DIVE.


NO TIME TO GET INTO THE CONTROLS. I'LL HAVE TO GUIDE HER FROM HERE — IF I CAN.


IT JUST MISSED.
THANK HEAVEN.
SPY SMASHER BRINGS THE PLANE OUT OF ITS DIVE JUST ENOUGH TO MISS THE HOSPITAL.


WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING. IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT OF ME ANYWAY THAT HOSPITAL CAN SEW IT TOGETHER.
BUT EVEN THE MIGHTY SPY SMASHER IS UNABLE TO BRING THE PLANE COMPLETELY UNDER CONTROL, AND IT CRASHES.

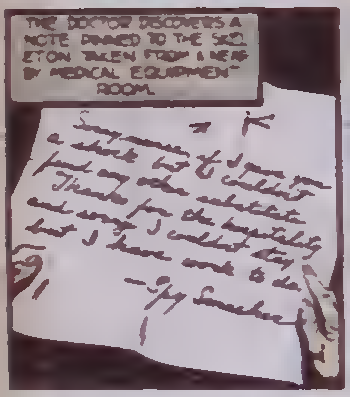

I MUST GO PREPARE MY SURGICAL EQUIPMENT, NURSE OTTS. MEANWHILE TAKE OFF HIS GOGGLES SO I CAN EXAMINE HIS HEAD.
VERY WELL, DOCTOR. I'LL TAKE THEM OFF RIGHT AWAY.
UNCONSCIOUS, SPY SMASHER IS TAKEN INTO THE HOSPITAL HE SAVED.

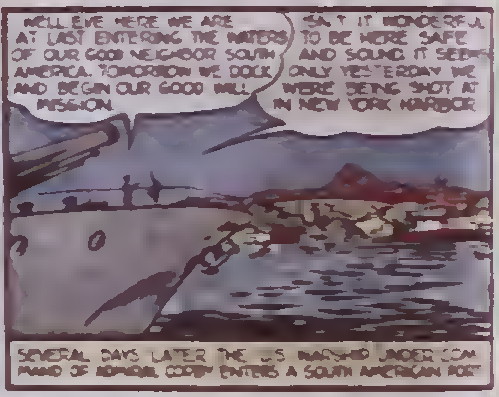

WATER! GOOD WATER, PLEASE. MUST HAVE WATER.
JUST AS THE NURSE IS ABOUT TO REMOVE THE GOGGLES (WHICH WOULD REVEAL THE IDENTITY OF THE MYSTERY MAN) HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS ENOUGH TO ASK FOR A GLASS OF WATER.

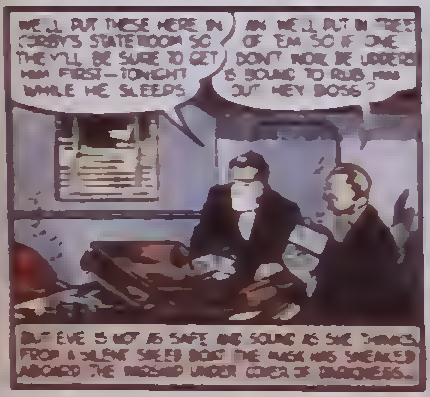
I HOPE THAT PILOT ISN'T HURT BAD. I WONDER IF HE'S HANDSOME? I CAN HARDLY WAIT TILL I GET THOSE GOGGLES OFF AND HAVE A LOOK AT HIS FACE!
THE NURSE LEAVES THE ROOM TO GET A GLASS OF WATER.

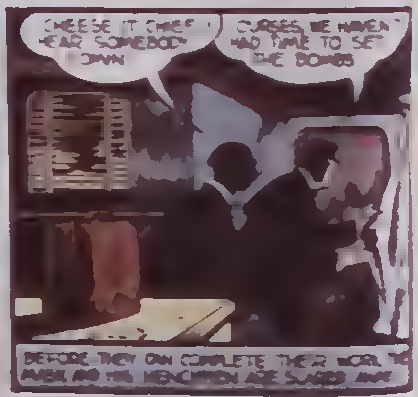
Oooooooh!

NURSE, WHY ARE YOU SCREAMING? WHAT IS IT?
L-L-L-LOOK, DOCTOR. THE PATIENT HAS TURNED INTO A-A-A SKELETON!

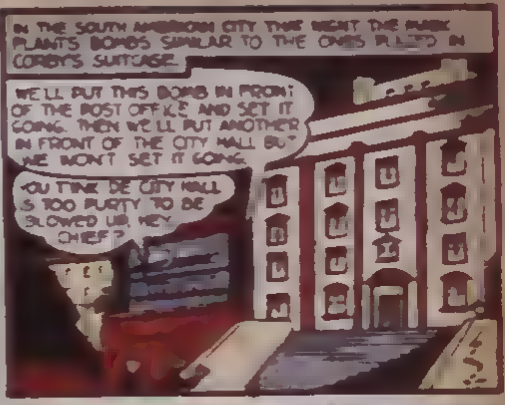

THE DOCTOR DISCOVERS A NOTE PINNED TO THE SKELETON TAKEN FROM A NEAR BY MEDICAL EQUIPMENT ROOM.

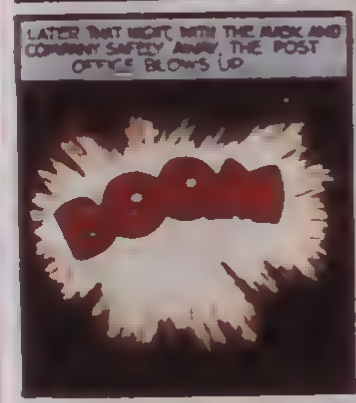

WELL, EVE HERE WE ARE AT LAST ENTERING THE WATERS OF OUR GOOD NEIGHBOR SOUTH AMERICA. TOMORROW WE DOCK AND BEGIN OUR GOOD WILL MISSION.
SAY! IT WONDERFUL TO BE HERE SAFE AND SOUND. IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY WE WERE BEING SHOT AT IN NEW YORK HARBOR.
SEVERAL DAYS LATER THE U.S. WARSHIP UNDER COMMAND OF ADMIRAL CORBY ENTERS A SOUTH AMERICAN PORT


WE'LL PUT THESE HERE IN CORBY'S STATEROOM SO THEY'LL BE SURE TO GET HIM FIRST—TONIGHT WHILE HE SLEEPS.
AIN'T WE'LL PUT IN THREE OF 'EM SO IF ONE DON'T WORK THE LADDERS IS BOUND TO RUB HIM OUT. HEY BOSS?
BUT EVE IS NOT AS SAFE AND SOUND AS SHE THINKS. FROM A SILENT SPEED BOAT THE MASK HAS SNEAKED ABOARD THE WARSHIP UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS...

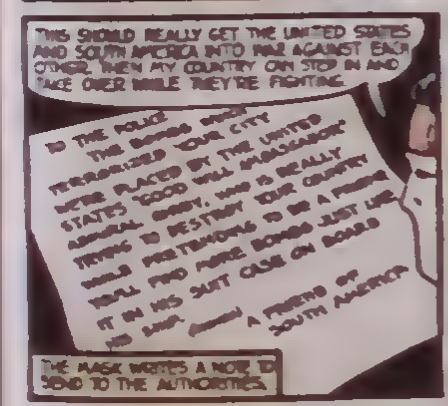

CHEESE IT CHIEF! HEAR SOMEBODY COMIN'
CURSES, WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO SET THE BOMBS
BEFORE THEY CAN COMPLETE THEIR WORK, THE MASK AND HIS HENCHMEN ARE SURPRISED AND

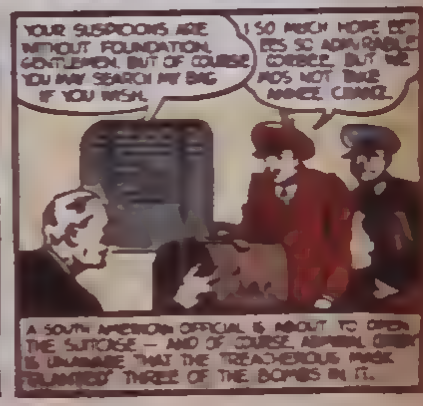
CHEE, CHIEF, WE'LL HAVE TO SNEAK BACK IN DERE AN' START UP DEM BOMBS, WON'T WE, HEY, CHIEF, HUH?
NO, I HAVE A BETTER PLAN NOW (CHUCKLE.) A MUCH BETTER PLAN. (CHUCKLE!) (CHUCKLE!)

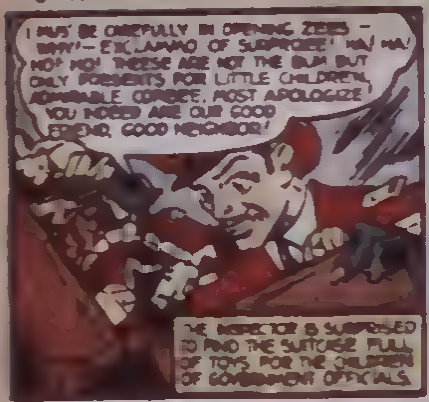

IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN CITY THAT NIGHT THE MASK PLANTS BOMBS SIMILAR TO THE ONES PLACED IN CORBY'S SUITCASE.
WE'LL PUT THIS BOMB IN FRONT OF THE POST OFFICE AND SET IT GOING. THEN WE'LL PUT ANOTHER IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL BUT WE WON'T SET IT GOING.
YOU THINK DE CITY HALL IS TOO PURTY TO BE BLOWED UP, HEY, CHIEF?

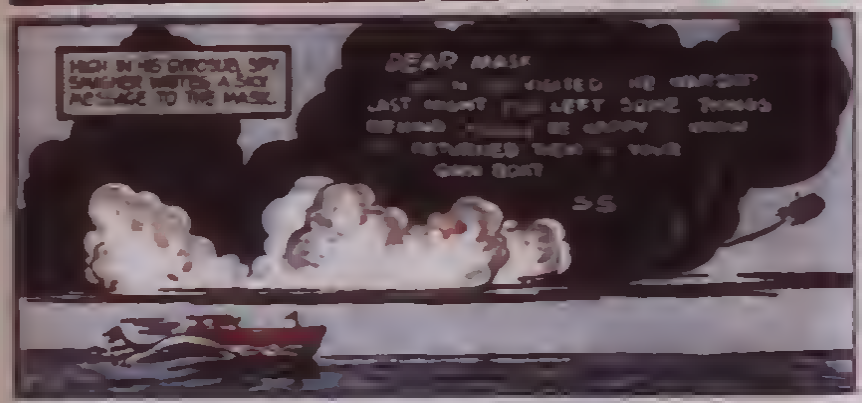

LATER THAT NIGHT, WITH THE MASK AND COMPANY SAFELY AWAY, THE POST OFFICE BLOWS UP.
BOOM

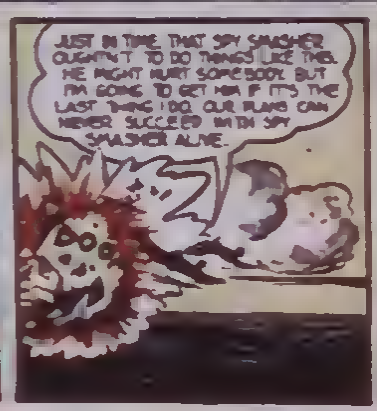
AT DAWN, THE UNEXPLODED BOMB IN FRONT OF CITY HALL IS DISCOVERED.
EETS ANOTZER BUM.
LOOK OUT—SHE GO OFF AGAIN!
SOAK HEEM IN WATER.
EETS BUM LIKE BLOW OFF PUST OFF!!Z.
KEEP AWAY FROM EET.


THIS SHOULD REALLY GET THE UNITED STATES AND SOUTH AMERICA INTO WAR AGAINST EACH OTHER. THEN MY COUNTRY CAN STEP IN AND TAKE OVER WHILE THEY'RE FIGHTING.
TO THE POLICE: THE BOMBS WHICH TERRORIZED YOUR CITY WERE PLACED BY THE UNITED STATES "GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR" ARMORAL CORBY. HE IS REALLY TRYING TO DESTROY YOUR COUNTRY. YOU SHOULD PRETENDING TO BE A FRIEND. YOU SHOULD FIND MORE BOMBS JUST LIKE IT IN HIS SUIT CASE ON BOARD THE SHIP. (SIGNED) A FRIENDS OF SOUTH AMERICA
THE MASK WRITES A NOTE TO SEND TO THE AUTHORITIES.


YOUR SUSPICIONS ARE WITHOUT FOUNDATION, GENTLEMEN. BUT OF COURSE YOU MAY SEARCH MY BAG IF YOU WISH.
I SO MUCH HOPE DEY EES SO ADMIRABLE CORBICE. BUT WE MOS NOT TAKE ANYCE CHANCE.
A SOUTH AMERICAN OFFICIAL IS ABOUT TO OPEN THE SUITCASE — AND OF COURSE, ARMORAL CORBY IS UNAWARE THAT THE TREACHEROUS MASK "PLANTED" THREE OF THE BOMBS IN IT.







SPY SMASHER HAS WON EVERY BATTLE WITH THE MASK SO FAR BUT THIS TIMES SOUNDS VERY DETERMINED — SPY SMASHER IS REALLY IN DANGER

THE INSTALLMENT IN NEXT MONTH'S

WHIZ COMICS

PROMISES TO BE MORE EXCITING THAN EVER. *don't* MISS IT!

DAN DARE

TRAINED IN BODY AND MIND TO BE THE SUPREME TYPE OF OUTSTANDING THE WORLD'S GREATEST CHAMPIONS, ACE PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, DAN DARE, LEARNS NOTHING BETTER THAN TO PIT HIS PRAYERS AND SKILL AGAINST CRIMES THAT CANNOT BE SOLVED!

TELEGRAM

DAN DARE

PIRATE SHIP BELIEVED TO BE SUBMARINE RETURNS ON TERRORIZING SCHOONERS THIS MORNING. BEATCHERS THEM WITHOUT TRACE AND WITHOUT SUSPICION. SITUATION MOST SERIOUS. COME AT ONCE.

CAPT. A. E. SIMSON
NANTUCKET

A LIFE-AND-DEATH TELEGRAM SUMMONS DAN DARE TO THE FAMOUS ATLANTIC FISHING PORT, NANTUCKET.

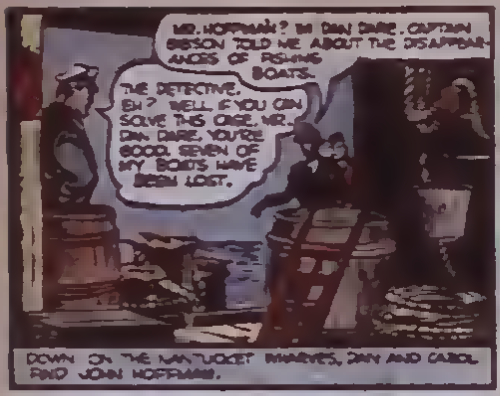
HIS DEPUTY, ME AND HIS ASSISTANT, CAPT. CLEVER, SPEED IN HIS 300-MILE-AN-HOUR PLANE TO ANSWER THE URGENT APPEAL.

— ELEVEN BOATS, ALTOGETHER, HAVE DISAPPEARED, MR. DARE. THE ONLY TRACES WE HAVE OF ANY OF THEM ARE A FEW PIECES OF WRECKAGE FOUND UP FROM THE SEA.

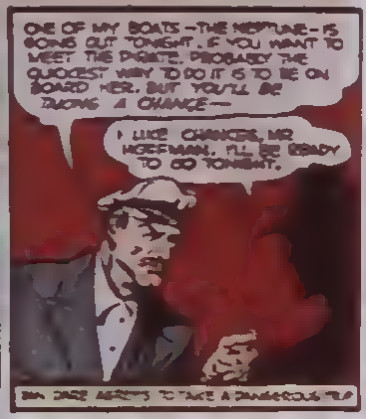
WERE ALL THE BOATS FISHING CRAFT, CAPTAIN SIMSON?

DAN AND CHERO, IN AN INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN SIMSON OF THE THE CORE GUARD, LEARN THE SECRET OF THE MYSTERIOUS SUBMARINE BOATS.

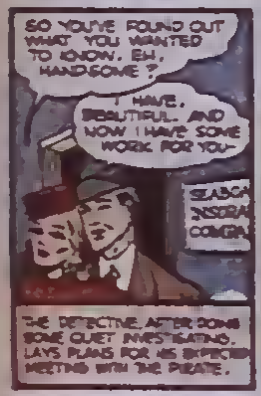
YES, MR. DARE. AND SEVEN OF THEM WERE OWNED BY ONE MAN— THE OPERATOR OF THE LARGEST FISHING FLEET IN THESE WATERS. YOU'D BETTER SEE HIM, I THINK. HIS NAME IS JOHN KORMAN—



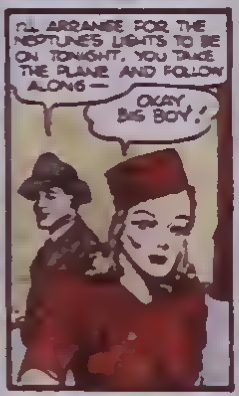
DOWN ON THE NANTUCKET WHARVES, DAN AND CAROL FIND JOHN HOFFMAN.



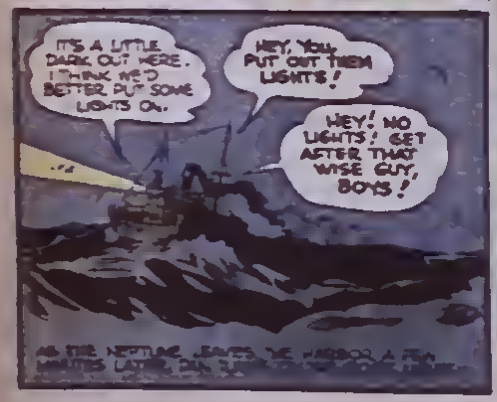
DAN DARE AGREES TO TAKE A DANGEROUS TRIP



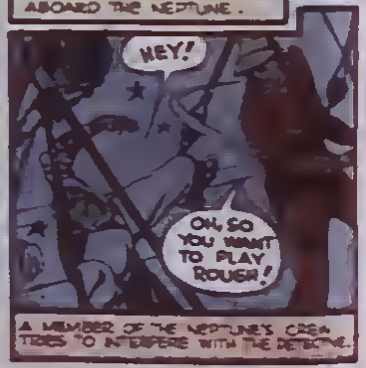
THE DETECTIVE, AFTER DOING SOME QUIET INVESTIGATING, LAYS PLANS FOR HIS INTERVIEW MEETING WITH THE PIRATE.



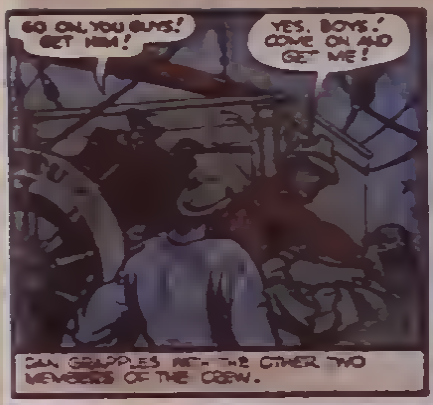
THAT NIGHT DAN DARE GOES ABOARD THE NEPTUNE.



AS THE NEPTUNE LEAVES THE HARBOR A FEW MINUTES LATER, DAN DARE

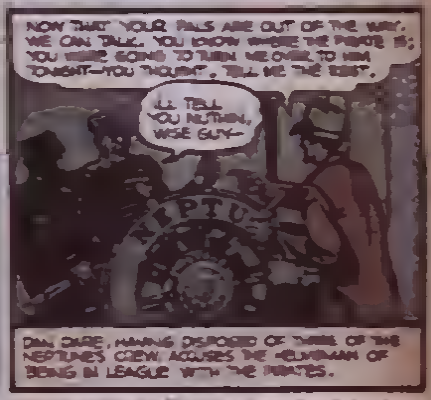


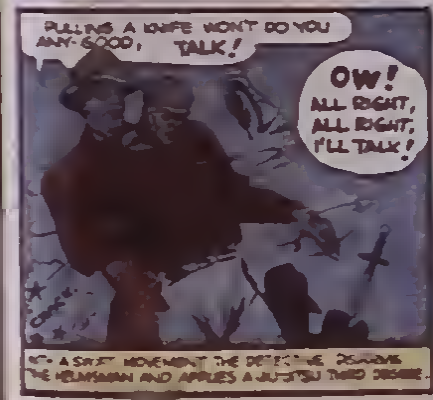
A MEMBER OF THE NEPTUNE'S CREW TRIES TO INTERFERE WITH THE DETECTIVE.


GO ON, YOU GUYS! GET HIM!
YES, BOYS! COME ON AND GET ME!
DAN GRAPPLES WITH THE OTHER TWO MEMBERS OF THE CREW.

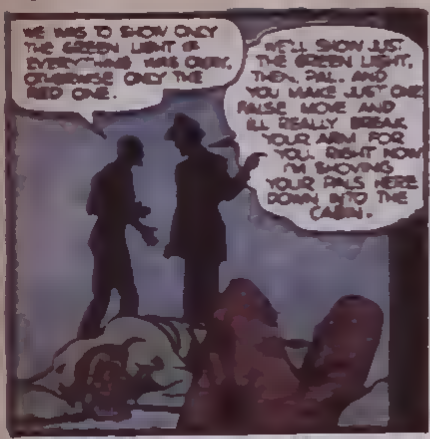
ANOTHER ONE DOWN! YOU GUYS CAN'T TAKE IT!
UGH!

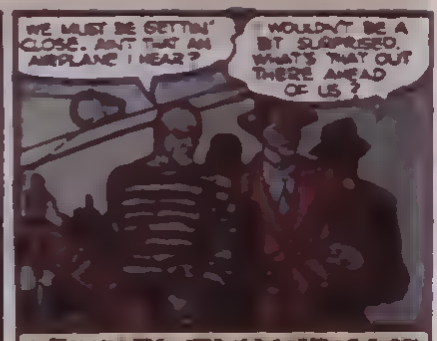
IF I COULD ONLY LEAVE THIS WHEEL—
THREE DOWN! PLEASANT DREAMS, STUPID!


NOW THAT YOUR PALS ARE OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN TALK. YOU KNOW WHERE THE PIRATE IS; YOU WERE GOING TO TURN ME OVER TO HIM TONIGHT—YOU THOUGHT. TELL ME THE RIGHT.
I'LL TELL YOU NUTHIN, WISE GUY—
DAN DARE, HAVING DISPOSED OF THREE OF THE NEPTUNE'S CREW, ACCUSES THE HELMSMAN OF BEING IN LEAGUE WITH THE PIRATES.


PULLING A KNIFE WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, TALK!
OW! ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I'LL TALK!
WITH A SWIFT MOVEMENT THE DETECTIVE DISARMS THE HELMSMAN AND APPLIES A JU-JUTSU THIRD DEGREE.

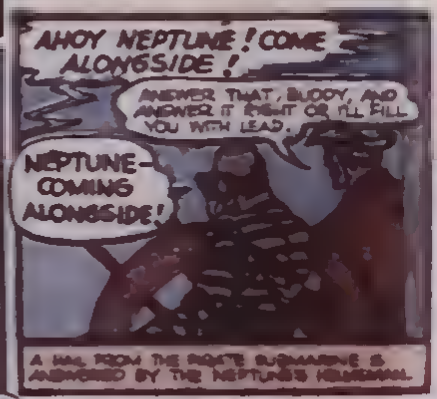
THE PIRATE'S A SUBMARINE. WE HAVE TO MEET IT TONIGHT ABOUT FIVE MILES OFFSHORE IF EVERYTHING WON'T ALL RIGHT—
WHAT SIGNAL WAS ARRANGED?





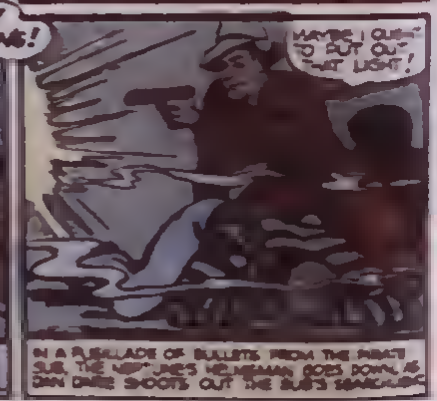
A FEW MINUTES LATER AS THE NEPTUNE GLIDES ALONG WITH ITS GREEN LIGHT GLOW, DAN DARE DISCERNS A SHADOWY SHAPE IN THE DARK WATER.

A DARK SUBMARINE LOOMS UP IN THE MIST.

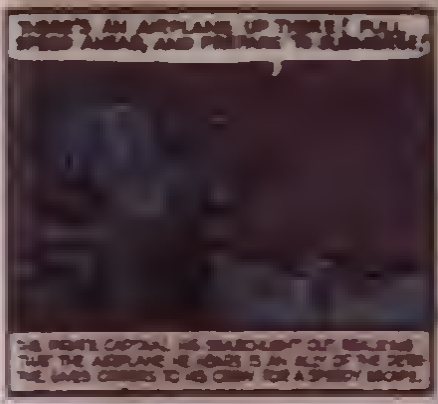


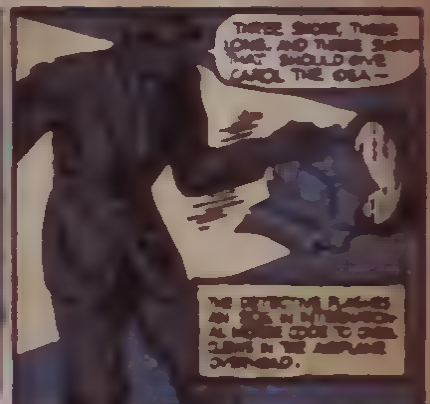
A HAIL FROM THE PIRATE SUBMARINE IS ANSWERED BY THE NEPTUNE'S HELMSMAN.

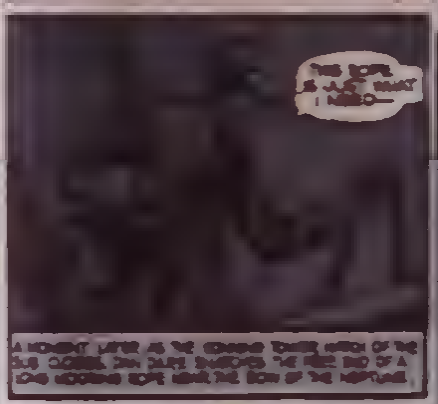
AS THE NEPTUNE COMES ALONGSIDE THE SUBMARINE—A POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHT SHOWS THE [illegible] THAT SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG.

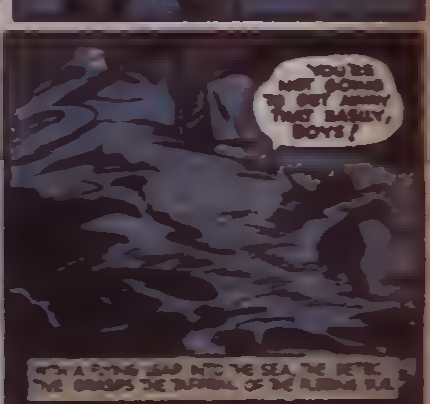


IN A FUSILLADE OF BULLETS FROM THE PIRATE SUB, THE NEPTUNE'S HELMSMAN GOES DOWN AS DAN DARE SHOOTS OUT THE SUB'S SEARCHLIGHT.

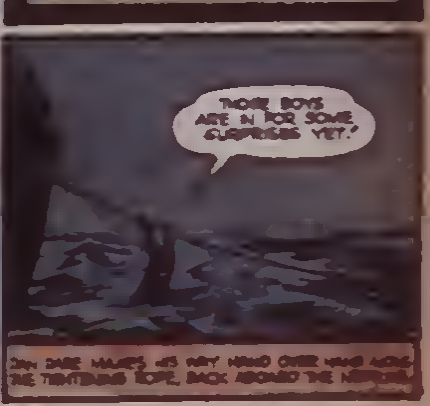

THERE'S AN AIRPLANE UP THERE! FULL SPEED AHEAD AND PREPARE TO BOARDER!
THE PIRATE CAPTAIN, HIS SHARPSHOOT OUT REALIZING THAT THE AIRPLANE HE HEARS IS AN ALLY OF THE ZETA, THE SAILED CORRIDS TO HIS CREW FOR A SPEEDY BOARD.

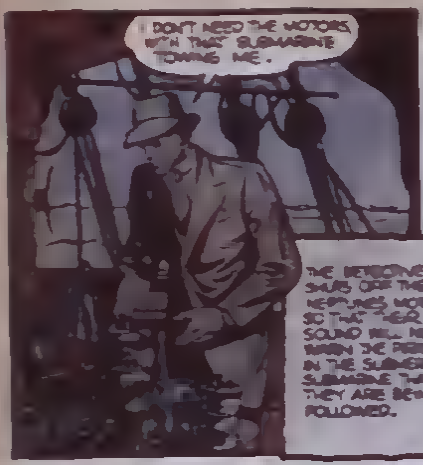

THERE, SHORE, THERE LONG, AND THERE SHORE THAT SHOULD GIVE CAROL THE GELA—
THE DETECTIVE PLANKS ARE SOON IN INTERSECTION AL MORSE CODE TO CREW CLERKS IN THE AIRPLANE OVERHEAD.

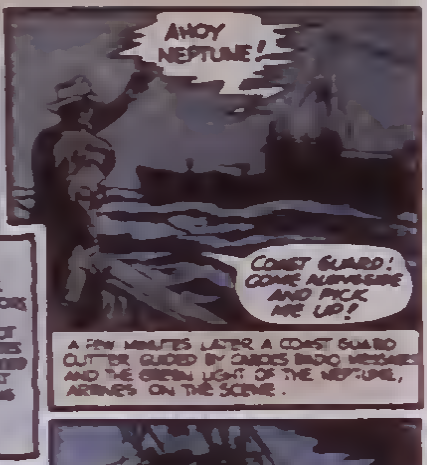

THIS ROPE IS JUST WHAT I NEED—
A MOMENT LATER AS THE YOUNG TOWER WATCH OF THE OLD COURSE JOHN DARE SNAPPED THE FREE END OF A LONG MOORING ROPE NEAR THE BOW OF THE NEPTUNE.

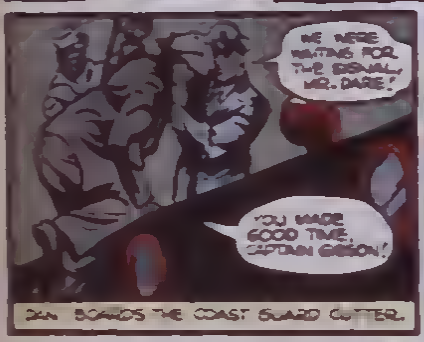

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY THAT EASILY, BOYS!
WITH A FLYING LEAP INTO THE SEA, THE DETECTIVE GRASPS THE TAIL OF THE FLEEING EEL.

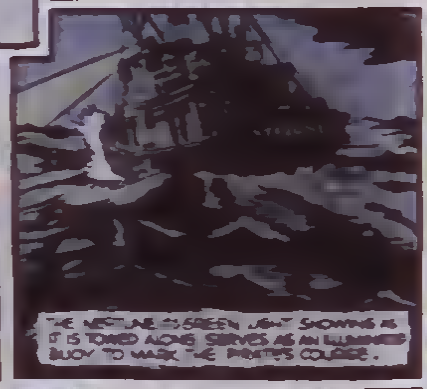
THERE! THAT'LL HOLD FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY!
A MOMENT LATER THE NEPTUNE IS HITCHED BY ITS MOORING ROPE TO THE RING OF THE UNDERSEA PIRATE.

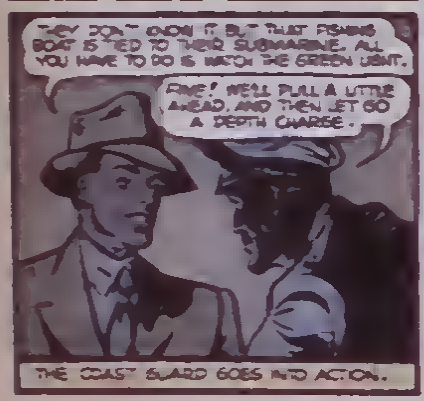

THOSE BOYS ARE IN FOR SOME SURPRISES YET!
JOHN DARE MAKES HIS WAY HAND OVER HAND ALONG THE TRAITOROUS ROPE, BACK ABOARD THE NEPTUNE.

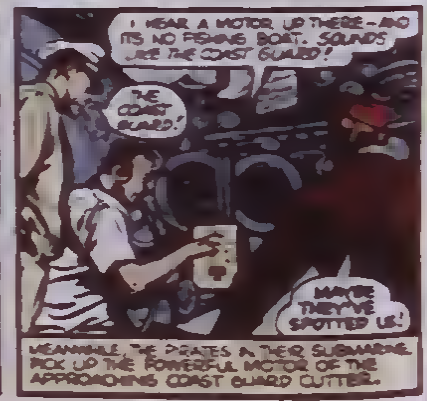

I DON'T NEED THE MOTORS WITH THAT SUBMARINE TOWING ME.
THE NEREIDINE SHUTS OFF THE NEPTUNE'S MOTORS SO THAT THEIR SOUND WILL NOT WARN THE PIRATES IN THE SUBMERGED SUBMARINE THAT THEY ARE BEING FOLLOWED.

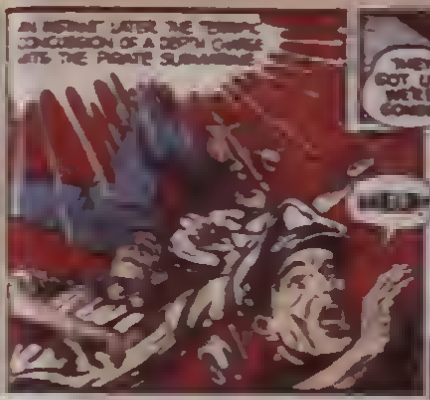

AHOY NEPTUNE!
COAST GUARD! COME ALONGSIDE AND PICK ME UP!
A FEW MINUTES LATER A COAST GUARD CUTTER GUIDED BY CHUCK'S RADIO MESSAGE AND THE GREEN LIGHT OF THE NEPTUNE, ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.


WE WERE WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL, MR. DARE!
YOU MADE GOOD TIME, CAPTAIN GIBSON!
DAN BOARDS THE COAST GUARD CUTTER.

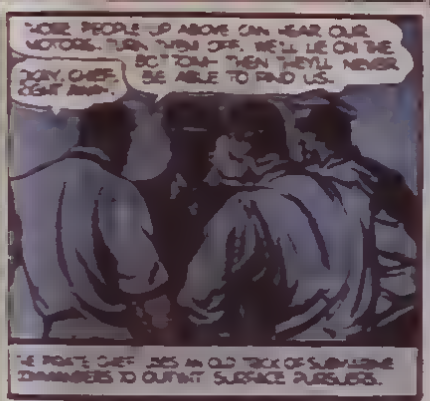

THE NEPTUNE'S GREEN LIGHT SHOWING AS IT IS TOWED ALONG SERVES AS AN ILLUMINATED BUOY TO MARK THE PIRATE'S COURSE.

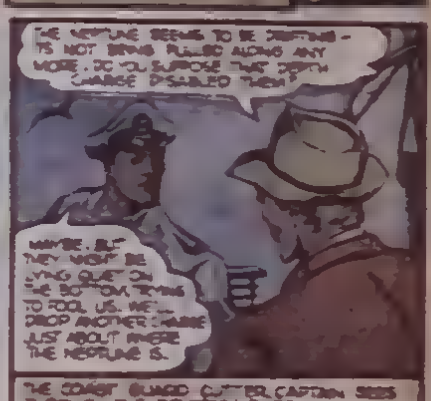

THEY DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THAT FISHING BOAT IS TIED TO THEIR SUBMARINE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WATCH THE GREEN LIGHT.
FINE! WE'LL PULL A LITTLE AHEAD, AND THEN LET GO A DEPTH CHARGE.
THE COAST GUARD GOES INTO ACTION.

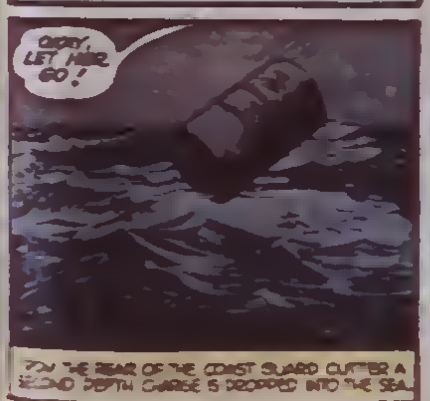

I HEAR A MOTOR UP THERE - AND ITS NO FISHING BOAT. SOUNDS LIKE THE COAST GUARD!
THE COAST GUARD!
MAYBE THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
MEANWHILE, THE PIRATES IN THEIR SUBMARINE, PICK UP THE POWERFUL MOTOR OF THE APPROACHING COAST GUARD CUTTER.

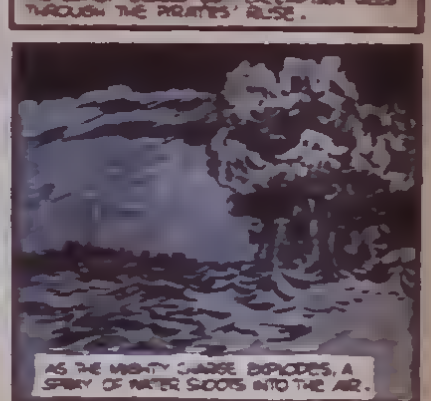

AN INSTANT LATER THE TERRIFIC CONCUSSION OF A DEPTH CHARGE HITS THE PIRATE SUBMARINE.
WHAM!

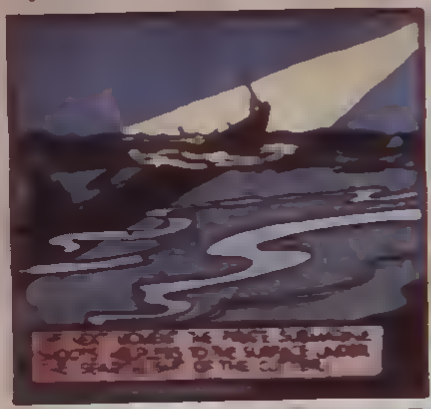
QUIET YOU FOOLS! LISTEN TO ME!
THEY GOT US! WE'RE GONNA!
IT'S THE BOMB!
THE PIRATE CAPTAIN CAUSES THE EXCITEMENT OF HIS CREW.


MORE PEOPLE UP ABOVE CAN HEAR OUR MOTORS. TURN THEM OFF. WE'LL LIE ON THE BOTTOM. THEN THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND US.
OKAY, CHIEF. RIGHT AWAY.
THE PIRATE CHIEF USES AN OLD TRICK OF SUBMARINE DRAMMERS TO OUTWIT SURFACE PURSUERS.


THE NEPTUNE SEEMS TO BE DRIFTING - IT'S NOT BEING PULLED ALONG ANY MORE. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT DEPTH CHARGE DISABLED THEM?
MAYBE. BUT THEY MIGHT BE LYING QUIET ON THE BOTTOM, TRYING TO FOOL US. WE'LL DROP ANOTHER CHARGE JUST ABOUT WHERE THE NEPTUNE IS.
THE COAST GUARD CUTTER CAPTAIN SEES THROUGH THE PIRATES' RUSE.

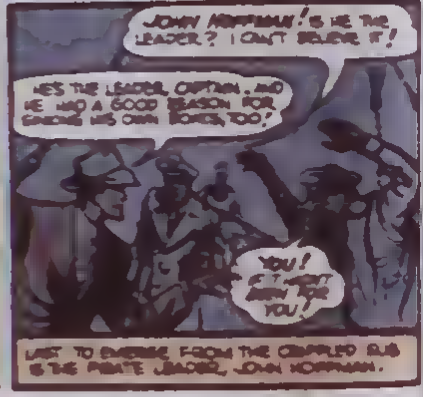

OKAY, LET HIM GO!
ON THE REAR OF THE COAST GUARD CUTTER A SECOND DEPTH CHARGE IS DROPPED INTO THE SEA.

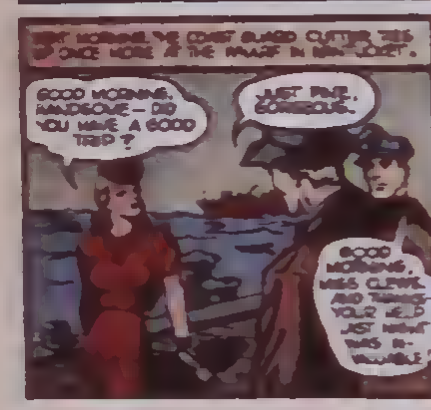

AS THE MIGHTY CHARGE EXPLODES, A SPRAY OF WATER SHOOTS INTO THE AIR.

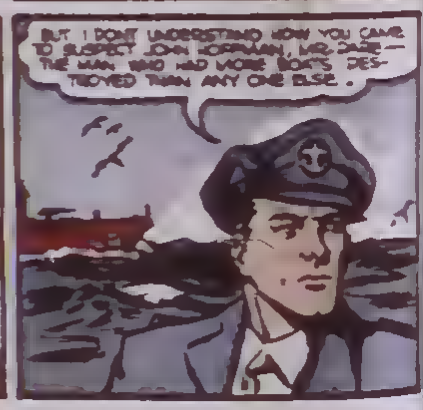

AS SOON AS THE FIRST SUBMARINE SHOWS, AND ITS TO THE SURFACE, UNDER THE REAR SIDE OF THE CUTTER.

THAT DID IT, CAPTAIN GIBSON. LET'S GO DOWN ON DECK AND SEE WHAT OUR PRISONERS LOOK LIKE AS THEY COME ABOARD.
OKAY, MR. DAVE. THIS WAS A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK.

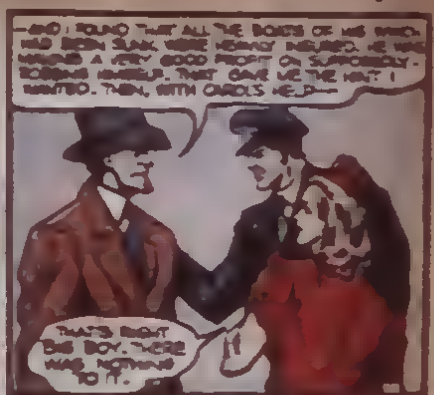
THE PIRATES, UNDER THE GUNS OF THE COAST GUARD MEN, SURRENDER AND ARE BROUGHT ABOARD THE CUTTER.
COME ON, YOU MUGS! STEP LIVELY!


JOHN HOFFMAN! IS HE THE LEADER? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
HE'S THE LEADER, CAPTAIN, AND HE HAD A GOOD REASON FOR SINKING HIS OWN BOATS, TOO!
YOU! I'LL NOT AWAY FROM YOU!
LAST TO EMERGE FROM THE CRIPPLED SUB IS THE PIRATE LEADER, JOHN HOFFMAN.


THAT MORNING, THE COAST GUARD CUTTER, TED ONCE MORE AT THE WHARF IN NEW JERSEY.
GOOD MORNING, HANDSOME — DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TRIP?
JUST FINE, GORGEOUS.
GOOD MORNING, MISS CLEVER, AND THANKS YOUR HELP JUST WHAT WAS INVALUABLE.

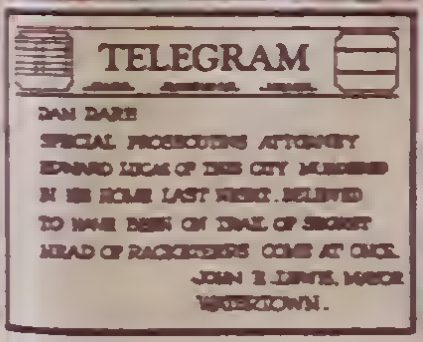

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAME TO SUSPECT JOHN HOFFMAN, MR. DAVE — THE MAN WHO HAD MORE BOATS DESTROYED THAN ANY ONE ELSE.

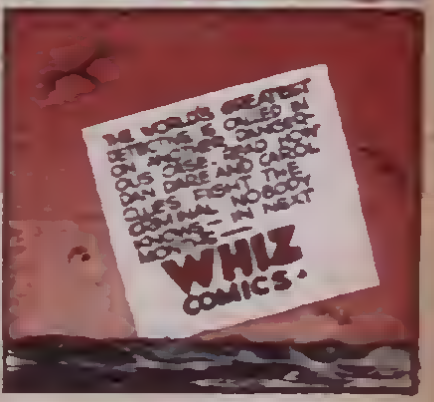
WELL, FIRST OF ALL WE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE VERY LUCKY BY HIS LOOKS— YOU, CAPTAIN GIBSON WERE THE ONE WHO ASKED FOR MY HELP, NOT ME. SO DECIDED TO DO A LITTLE CHECKING UP ON HIS INSURANCE—
DAN DARE DISCLOSES HIS SOLUTION OF THE CASE.


—AND I FOUND THAT ALL THE BOATS OF HIS FIRM HAD BEEN SUNK. WERE HEAVILY INSURED. HE WAS MAKING A VERY GOOD PROFIT ON SUPERCILIOUS TOURISTS HAMPER. THAT GAVE ME THE HINT I WANTED. THEN, WITH CAROL'S HELP—
THAT'S RIGHT BIG BOY. THERE WAS NOTHING TO IT.

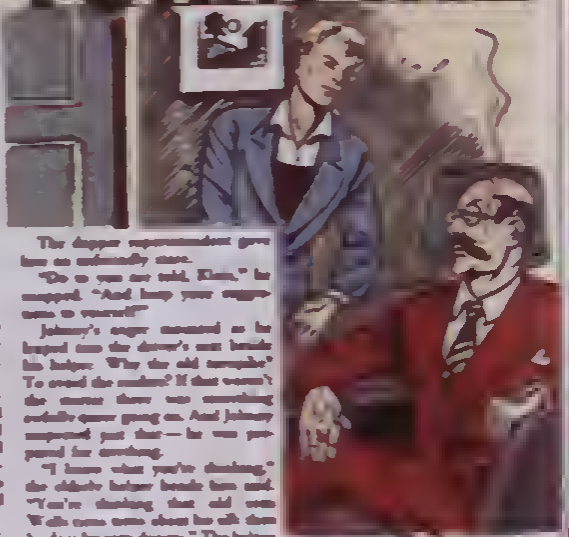
IT WAS A REMARKABLE PIECE OF WORK, MR. DARE.
GLAD TO HELP, CAPTAIN.
COME ON, SHERLOCK, NOW YOU'RE GOING FOR A NICE LONG REST.

TELEGRAM FOR DAN DARE! TELEGRAM FOR DAN DARE!
WHO I SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT TAKING A REST!
LET'S HAVE THE TELEGRAM, BOY!


TELEGRAM
DAN DARE
SPECIAL PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
EDWARD LUCAS OF THIS CITY MURDERED IN HIS HOME LAST NIGHT. BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN ON TRAIL OF SECRET HEAD OF RACKETEERS. COME AT ONCE.
JOHN B. LEWIS, MAYOR
WATERTOWN.


THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE IS CALLED IN TO SOLVE A DANGEROUS MURDER. HERO DAN DARE AND CAROL BRAVELY FIGHT THE CRIMINAL NOBODY KNOWS — IN NEXT EDITION —
WHIZ COMICS.

Death's TURNPIKE



THADDEUS A. WELLS, retired president of Interstate Transportation Inc., glanced up sharply from his desk. A tall, lean-faced youth had just entered his immaculate boardroom after rude non-knocking just inside the door. The president's dark, of somewhat fine hair was in marked contrast to his cold, gray eyes.

"I'm Johnny Elkins," he said simply. "I talked to you about the job you promised me."

Wells leaned backward in the opposite swivel chair and checked on the unlucky sign here. His mind, beside even now Johnny's rude, a nonchalant gaze, a strength trying to mind the very daughter in the youth's mind.

"I think you know why I've asked to have you, Elkins," the gray-haired said in a clipped tone. "When Elkins, Incorporated, has work and killed your brother, it was a severe shock to all of us. The fund I set up is a loss concern due to the losses."

Wells began filling out a small slip and then added, "Of course you know the danger involved when you drive for us. So far, the law has been unable to cope with the hijacked—it's becoming difficult to have qualified drivers."

Johnny didn't answer immediately. He stood with hands clenched at his side, thinking of his kid brother, Jim, who had been killed on the roadside within sight of the Chicago lights. The steel plant in the gray eyes drew the firm, and his jaw muscles tightened.

"I'll take your chances, Mr. Wells," he finally said through tight lips. "You've got a truck load of silk to be delivered to Philadelphia, and I think I can get it through."

Thaddeus Wells got to his feet and pumped Johnny on the limited hand. A smile played around his thin lips and he motioned to drop on the chair.

"You've heard, Johnny," he said knowingly. "You're the type of man we need."

LATE THAT NIGHT, Johnny Elkins was running hard on speedless from the dripping rain-blanket.

"Follow the old Mill road pike into Philadelphia."

"Sir," interrupted the lady driver, "I could make better time on the new state highway."

The dapper superintendent gave her an indulgent stare.

"Do as you are told, Elkins," he snapped. "And keep your wisecracks to yourself."

Johnny's anger centered on the hapless girl the driver's seat beside the helper. "Why the old turnpike? To avoid the rendezvous? If that wasn't the reason there was something mighty queer going on. And Johnny suspected just that—he was paid for suspicion.

"I know what you're thinking," the dapper helper beside him said. "You're thinking that old man Wells gave some orders to the driver he was drivers." The helper paused momentarily to light a cigarette. "And," he continued, "they'll be down. This is my last drive on this run, so I could tell you more."

Johnny turned and looked at the lean pressed down the motor. "Mr. Miller," he said in a low voice. "The only thinking about a mistake lad that was hijacked shortly—lad don't get to be managed."

The old turnpike was bumpy enough for an out-of-date road, and to let the new driver hadn't seen any hard-breaking hills. Why, the old truck just rolled along like a baby carriage.

Suddenly, Johnny pulled to a quick stop and jumped out to the ground. His mind concentrated was thought. For a heavy truck, the new Johnny was driving certainly didn't show evidence of any strain.

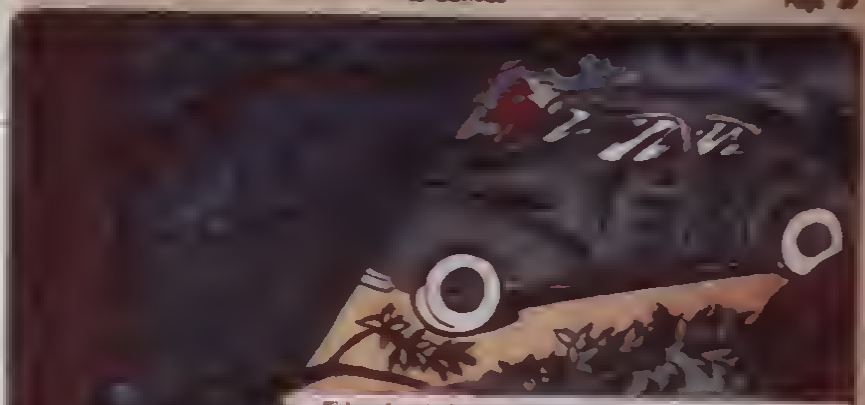
Without a moment's hesitation he pulled upon the rear door and jumped to other assistance. For a split-second he stared around, and then quickly discovered the door that.

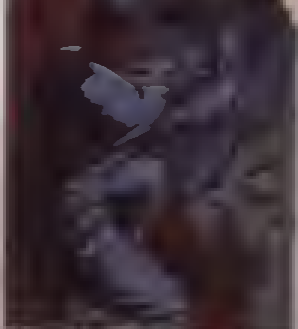
"Hey, Miller," he yelled, running to the side. "This is where you get off. From now on it's my turn driver."

"You're bankin'," Miller laughed as he clambered out.

"No, Miller," Johnny barked. "This is serious. I expect a number of fellows may attempt to stop and have a personal engagement with them. They don't scare me. You've got a wife and a couple of kids. So hurry and scram out of here."

Johnny felt of the automatic hanging beneath his coat pit and smiled grimly—knowingly.





AS THE BIG TRUCK lumbered on through the night, two pencil-thin headlights showed in the rear. Somebody from behind was approaching at a terrific speed. Having prepared for any emergency, Johnny acted quickly. He tripped the switch, metal panel from the door and over the heavy covering from the chickens under him and propped them against the open side door of the truck. He showed down considerably and crouched for what was coming.

Suddenly a luminous spotlight poked alongside his truck.

"Looks as if the gang has caught on," Johnny muttered. "I'll bet they got a company helicopter."

The rest of the sentence was cut short by the concussion shatter of a machine gun. Dazzled here, he could feel the impact of the slugs, thud-thud over the unprotected chickens—which might've been his body!

Kicking the right door open, Johnny pounced the truck toward the shoulder of the highway and made one mad leap for safety. While still in midair, he saw the silk truck swerve dizzily—and then there was the shock with a grinding, splintering crash. Surrounded by a cloud of dust, showers up, the lone driver raised his a couple over about they fore from the roadside.

"Empty the Tommy in the car," crackled one of the gangsters, stepping carefully from the sedan. "There shouldn't never every gun."

Three dark figures then climbed toward the back of the truck, one turned to the house, and then snapped on a flashlight.

"Nobody in the cab," came a guttural voice. "The guy must've been thrown clear."

From his hiding place, Johnny Elam, took crouled him and squeezed the trigger of his automatic. In one was stunned by a shell-burst of pain, and the flashlight flashed crudely through the night air.

"Get the Tommy, Joe," cried a low, hoarse figure, hobbling back toward the sedan. "We've been ambushed."

Johnny saw his chance. He ordered the fallen flashlight and dropped it to a crouch in the rear shadow his hand—just as a shrill shriek began shaping from the roadside. The gangsters didn't draw till their heads, for Johnny's light had been spotted, as they continued to spray the terrain with hot lead.

Johnny heard to one knee, crouch as a shadowy blur, and was ready to swing swiftly to one of the cracks when he snapped down.

A MOTOR! Someone was coming up the roadside. A crunch of brakes mingled with the sing of the Tommy gun—lead commingle mixed with heavy curses.

"Good old Mike!" Johnny shouted as he moved toward the road. Heads raised, the gangsters stood motionless, while western dog-eyes are swallows sent their rifle. Coming forward to meet Johnny was Mike—his face lit with a broad grin.

"I thought something funny might happen." Mike said briefly. "So I notified the sheriff just in case."

"You got to stand in a corner in handcuffs," the sheriff chuckled to Mike's grinning as the dogs on all fours.

"Not so fast," Johnny snapped suddenly. "Mr. Thaddeus A. Wolfe secretly killed a constable of this or Philadelphia. The drivers were ordered to use this old Mill complex—when giving the gangsters a chance to crack down."

"But the silk?" broke in the sheriff. "There's a lot."

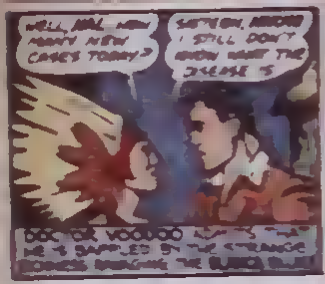
Johnny's eyes now held a twinkle, and his rubber lips shifted with the night breeze.

"That's just it," he continued. "The trucks were just one smokeo! Our good Mr. Wolfe collected an insurance for stolen goods—hired gangsters to stage a highjack, then blew the silk for stolen loot."

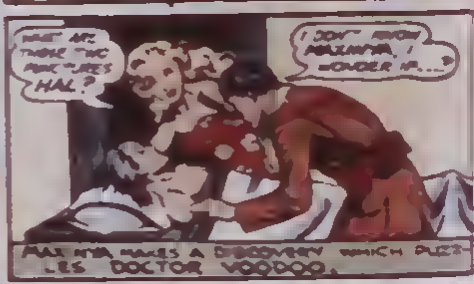
Johnny Elam smoked back in the company's one with his arms folded across his chest. His lid hankers would have been proud of the way he had handled the last job.

Dr. Voodoo

HAL CAREY YOUNG ADVENTURER KNOWN TO THE SAVAGE BLANCAS AS DOCTOR VOODOO, IS FACED WITH A SWIFT AND SUCCESSFUL WHITE SLAVERS RING. HE HAS SOON BETTER DISCOVERED, HOWEVER, HAD OF THE WHITE MEN'S RACE. SEARCHING FOR AN ANTIDOTE TO HAL DOCTOR VOODOO AND MAXINA, THE MYSTERIOUS WHITE MAN OF THE JUNGLE

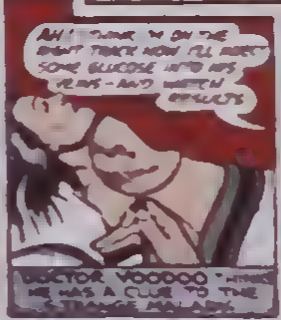


DOCTOR VOODOO REALIZES THAT HE IS BAFFLED BY THE STRANGE POWERS BEFORE THE BLACK BLADE

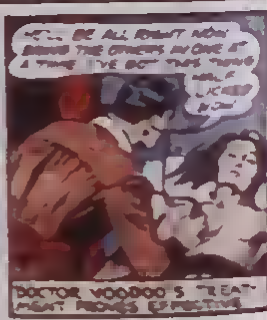


MAXINA MAKES A DISCOVERY WHICH PUZZLES DOCTOR VOODOO.

THE SAME STRANGE PICTURES ARE FOUND ON THE BELIEFS OF ALL THE SICK BLANCAS.



DOCTOR VOODOO THINKS HE HAS A CLUE TO THE STRANGE MALADY.

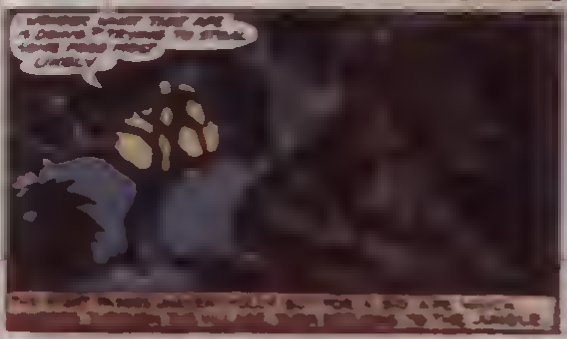


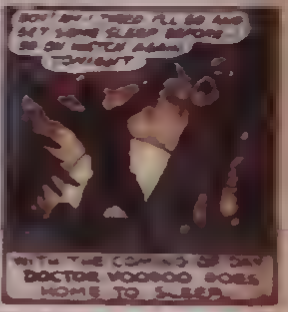
DOCTOR VOODOO'S "TREATMENT" PROVES EFFECTIVE

SOMEONE SHOULD TO STOP THE THING WHO THOUGHT MORGAN MUST CARRY HIS INVESTIGATION ALONE
WELL, WE AS YOU WISH, FOOL!

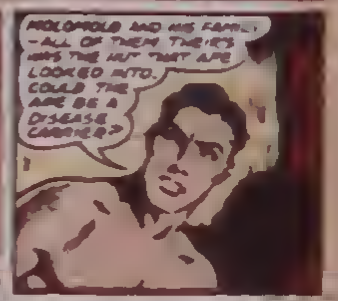
LATER THAT NIGHT, DOCTOR VOODOO STARTS ON HIS MISSION.

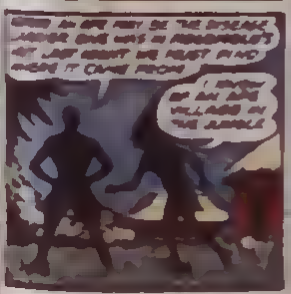
NOW TO SEE WHETHER MY HUNCH IS RIGHT OR WRONG

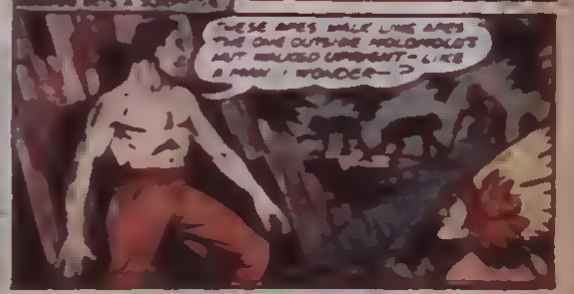

WONDER WHAT THAT ARE IS DOING TRYING TO STEAL MORE MEAT LIKELY
THE RIGHT IN HIS JAKETA HOLLY BUT FOR A BIG APE WHICH

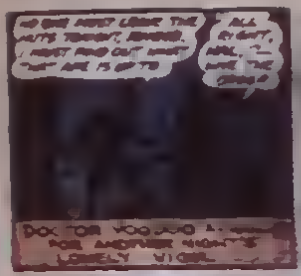

BOY! AM I TIRED. I'LL GO AND GET SOME SLEEP BEFORE I GO ON WATCH AGAIN TONIGHT
WITH THE COMING OF DAY DOCTOR VOODOO GOES HOME TO SLEEP.

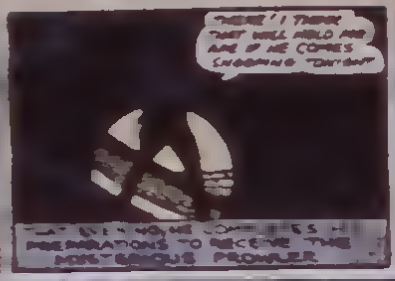
DOCTOR VOODOO! DOCTOR VOODOO! EVA-LOVETT TOUCHED MOLOPHOLO AND HIS FAMILY LAST NIGHT
BUT HIS TRUTH IS BURNING BRIGHTLY TO WHEN THE TRUTH AWAKES

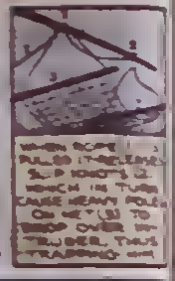

MOLOPHOLO AND HIS FAMILY - ALL OF THEM THERE'S WAS THE HUT THAT APE LOOKED INTO. COULD THE APE BE A DISEASE CARRIER?

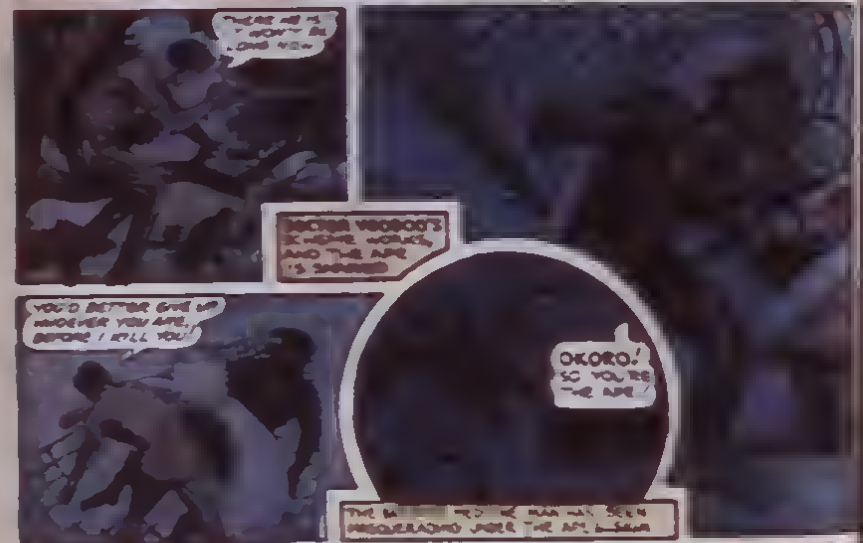

WHEN AN APE MAY BE THE DISEASE CARRIER. ONE WAS IN MOLOPHOLO'S HUT LAST NIGHT. WE MUST FIND WHERE IT CAME FROM!
OR ANOTHER VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE


THE APE VILLAGE FOR DOODOO GETS A SURPRISE
THESE APES WALK LIKE APES THE ONE OUTSIDE MOLOPHOLO'S HUT WALKED UPRIGHT - LIKE A MAN! I WONDER—?


NO ONE MUST LEAVE THE HOTEL TONIGHT, BRAVO. I MUST FIND OUT WHAT THAT APE IS UP TO
ALL RIGHT, ARL — WE'LL THE GANG!
DOCTOR VOODOO

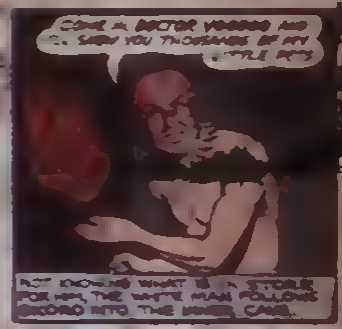

THERE! I THINK THAT WILL HOLD HIM AND IF HE COMES CHASING TONIGHT
PREPARATIONS TO RECEIVE THE MOST-EMINOUS PROWLER.


WHEN ROPE 1 PULLED (TRIGGER) SLIP KNOTS 2, WHICH IN TURN CAUSE HEAVY POLE ON WHEEL (3) TO DROP OVER THE TRUNK, THUS TRAPPING

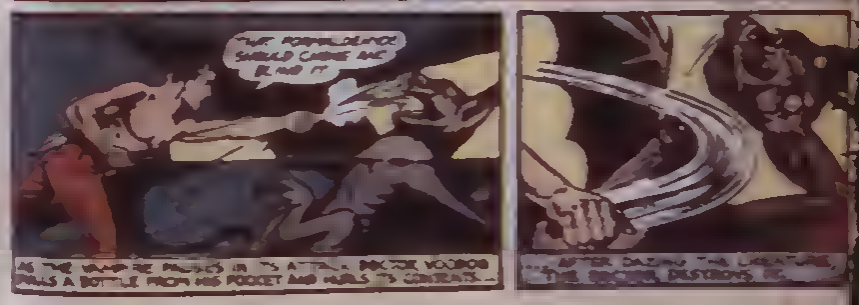

THERE HE IS. I WON'T BE LONG NOW.
BEFORE VOODOO'S SCHEME WORKS, AND THE APE IS SAVED!
YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP WHOEVER YOU ARE, BEFORE I KILL YOU!
OKORO! SO YOU'RE THE APE!
AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE THE NOCTURNAL MARAUDER IS BEATEN INTO SUBMISSION.

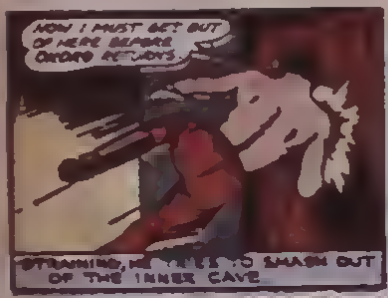
WHOEVER WRITE UP WHOEVER THERE PUNK WRITES, REALLY DIED
OKORO'S SCHEME IS REVEALED IN
HOW YOU MANAGED SHOW ME WHERE YOU KEEP THOSE WEAPONS?
YES, YES, ONLY DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!
THIS IS FOR YOU, LOOK A TORCH SO YOU CAN SEE EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT BUT BETTER SEE THE BOSS BEFORE

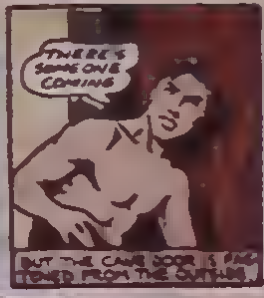
THESE SMALL ONES HAVE NEVER TASTED BLANCA BLOOD THEY ARE SLOPPY
DOCTOR VOODOO SEES THE DANGER OF THE BLANCA'S LOVELY LOVELY

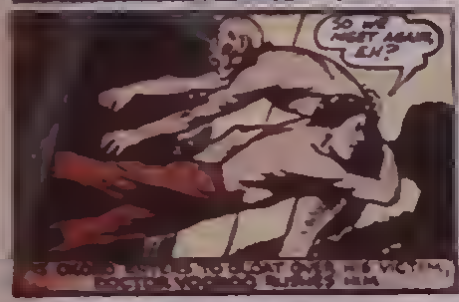

COME IN, DOCTOR VOODOO AND I'LL SHOW YOU THOUSANDS OF MY LITTLE PETS
NOT KNOWING WHAT IS IN STORE FOR HIM, THE WHITE MAN FOLLOWS VOODOO INTO THE MAIN CAVE.

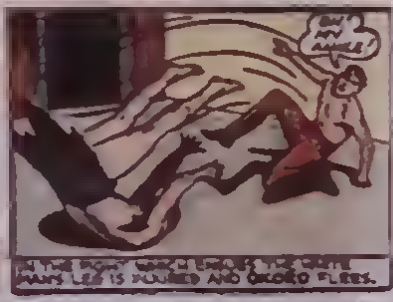
AS VOODOO FOLLOWS, HE IS IN HORROR AT THE DANGERS OF THE HOMICIDALLY STRICKEN MAN DOWN
OH, THE BLOODY GIANT PET! MADE OF WHAT A DELICACY THE GIANT BAT WILL SOON TASTE YOUR BLOOD, DOCTOR VOODOO
THE TREACHEROUS NATIVE LOCKS HIM WITH A GIGANTIC VAMPIRE
WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD, HE FIGHTS A GALLANT BUT LOSING BATTLE AGAINST THE GIANT BAT.
OH MY HEAD! WHAT WAS WHAT'S THAT THING?

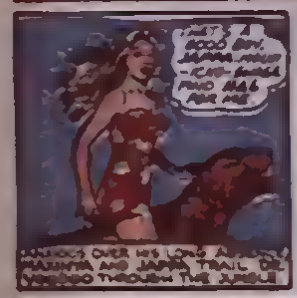

THE FORMIDABLE FOE SHOULD CARRY ONE ELSE IT!
AS THE VAMPIRE PROJECTS IN ITS ATTACK, DOCTOR VOODOO PULLS A BOTTLE FROM HIS POCKET AND HURLS ITS CONTENTS...
AFTER DAZING THE LOCKSMAN, THE BOTTLE DISTURBS ITS

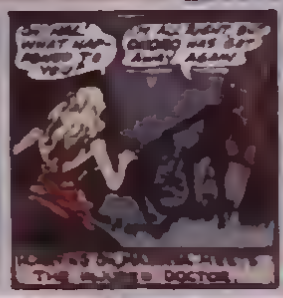

NOW I MUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE OKORO RETURNS.
STRANGELY, HE TRIES TO SMASH OUT OF THE INNER CAVE


THERE'S SOMEONE COMING
BUT THE CAVE DOOR IS SEALED FROM THE OUTSIDE

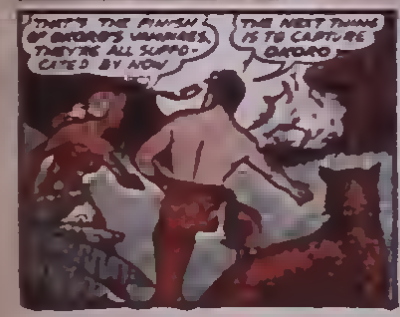

SO WE MEET AGAIN, EH?
AS OKORO RETURNS TO GLOAT OVER HIS VICTIM, DOCTOR VOODOO BURNS HIM

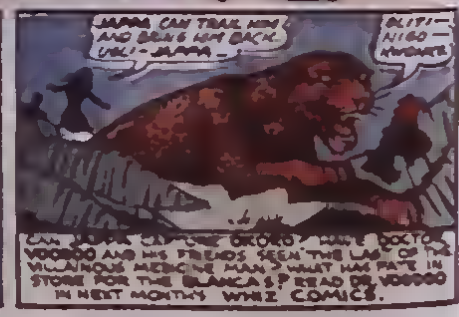

OH, MY ANKLE!
IN THE FRONT WHICH ENDS, THE GATE MAN'S LEG IS WOUNDED AND OKORO FLEES.


THAT'S A GOOD BOY, JAPPA. HURRY—CHU-BANGA FIND HAL FOR ME
HURRIED OVER HIS LONG ABSENCE, MAKUNA AND JAPPA TRAIL DR. VOODOO THROUGH THE JUNGLE

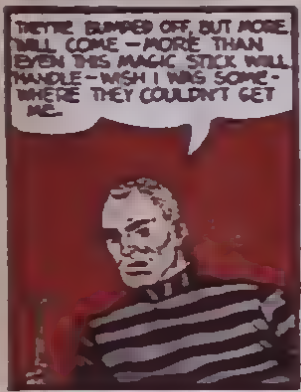

OH HAL WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
I'M ALL RIGHT BUT OKORO HAS GOT AWAY AGAIN!
HURRIED ON, HAL FIRES THE WOUNDED DOCTOR.

WE MUST KILL ALL THESE VAMPIRES BEFORE OKORO CAN TURN THEM LOOSE
YOU'RE RIGHT, HAL. WE'LL DO IT AT ONCE.

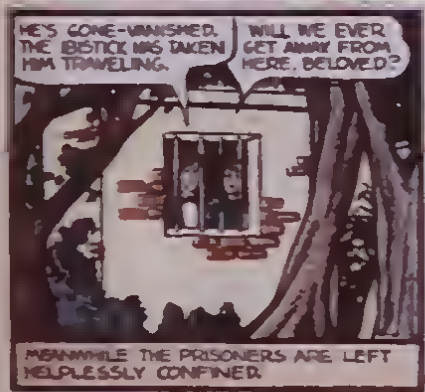

THAT'S THE FINISH OF OKORO'S VAMPIRES. THEY'RE ALL SUFFOCATED BY NOW
THE NEXT THING IS TO CAPTURE OKORO


JAPPA CAN TRAIL HIM AND BRING HIM BACK. UKI! — JAPPA
BLITZ! — HIGO — KNOWNE
CAN JAPPA CAPTURE OKORO? HAVE DOCTOR VOODOO AND HIS FRIENDS SEEN THE LAST OF THE VILLAINOUS MEDICINE MAN? WHAT HAS FATE IN STORE FOR THE BLANCA'S? READ DR. VOODOO IN NEXT MONTH'S WHIZ COMICS.

IBIS
(IBIS - PRONOUNCED EYE-BIS)
A SLEEP OF DEATH FOR 4,000 YEARS IN THE TOMB OF ANCIENT EGYPT, THEN MIRACULOUS LIFE AND POWER IN THE WORLD OF TODAY - THIS IS THE STUPENDOUS STORY OF PRINCE IBIS THE MAGICIAN AND THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS TARA, WITH THE ENCHANTED IBISTICK WAND OF CHAPLESS WHITE MAGIC. THEY WAGE MIRACULOUS WAR AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL, THEY FIND RAMPANT IN THE COMPLICATED CIVILIZATION OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
A SMART GUY AND LOVELY DAME - YOU WANTED THIS MAGIC WAND, HUH? WELL, IT'S MINE AND I'M GONNA PICNIC WITH IT.
I WARN YOU, MY FOOLISH FRIEND - THE POWER WILL TURN AGAINST YOU.
SEEKING THE LOST IBISTICK, THE LOVERS HAVE COME UPON GROM DEETERS, ESCAPED MURDERER, WHO USES THE POWER OF THE WAND TO TRAP THEM IN A PRISON HOUSE.
SURRENDER, DEETERS IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.
CRIPES - THE COPS AFTER US.
BUT THE MURDERER'S GLOATINGS ARE INTERRUPTED BY A POSSE HUNTING FOR HIM.
MAGIC STICK, BLOW THEM TO KINGDOM COME.
AT ONCE THE KILLER INVOKES THE POWER OF THE IBISTICK.
BOOM
THE SHELL EXPLODES OBLITERATING THE PLANE

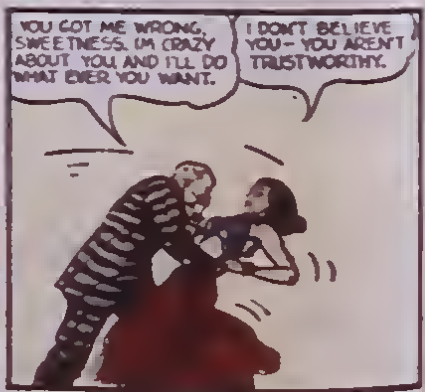

THEY'RE BUMPED OFF, BUT MORE WILL COME — MORE THAN EVEN THIS MAGIC STICK WILL HANDLE — WISH I WAS SOME-WHERE THEY COULDN'T GET ME.

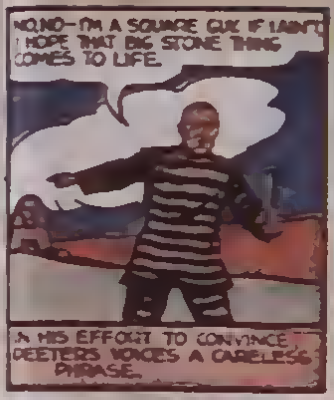
HOLLY CHEE! I MAKE A WISH AND IT COMES TRUE — DAT'S WHAT I CALLS SERVICE.
SWIFTER THAN THOUGHT, THE IBISTICK OBEYS — DEETERS FINDS HIMSELF IN A REMOTE PART OF EGYPT.

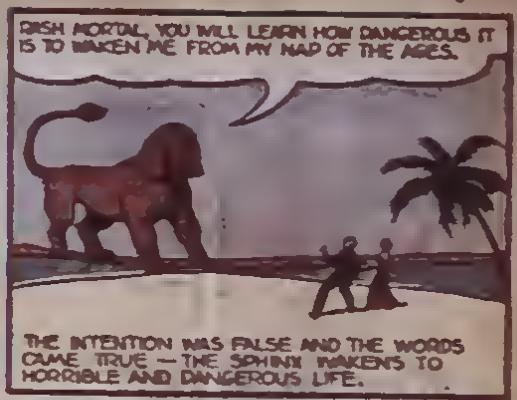

HE'S GONE — VANISHED. THE IBISTICK HAS TAKEN HIM TRAVELING.
WILL WE EVER GET AWAY FROM HERE, BELOVED?
MEANWHILE THE PRISONERS ARE LEFT HELPLESSLY CONFINED.

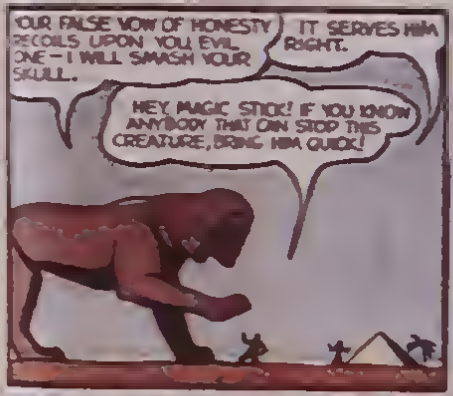
SAY, THIS IS A SWELL JOINT. MAGIC STICK, BRING ME THAT GOOD-LOOKIN' DAME I SHUT UP IN JAIL...
TOWARD ONLY ONE OF THEM DOES FAR-AWAY DEETERS HAVE ANY FEELING OF FRIENDSHIP.

WELCOME TO MY NEW STAMPIN' GROUND, BABY. I'M GOING TO USE THIS MAGIC STICK TO BUILD YOU A PALACE AND —
I WANT NO GIFTS AT YOUR HANDS. RETURN THAT IBISTICK AND RELEASE MY PRINCE, IBIS.
NAMA APPEARS, BUT SHE HAS NO KIND WORD FOR DEETERS.

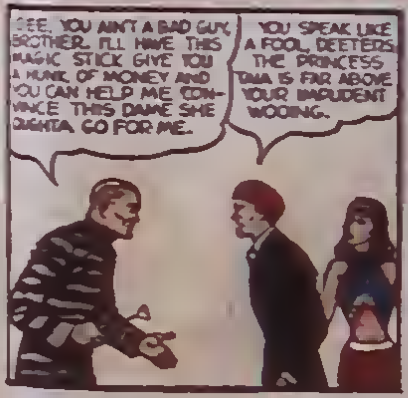

YOU GOT ME WRONG, SWEETNESS. I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU AND I'LL DO WHAT EVER YOU WANT.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU — YOU AREN'T TRUSTWORTHY.

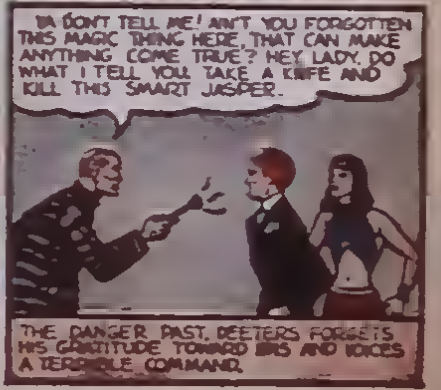

NO, NO—I'M A SQUARE GUY, IF I AIN'T! I HOPE THAT BIG STONE THING COMES TO LIFE.
IN HIS EFFORT TO CONVINCE, DEETERS VOICES A CARELESS PHRASE.


DISH MORTAL, YOU WILL LEARN HOW DANGEROUS IT IS TO WAKEN ME FROM MY NAP OF THE AGES.
THE INTENTION WAS FALSE AND THE WORDS CAME TRUE — THE SPHINX WAKENS TO HORRIBLE AND DANGEROUS LIFE.


YOUR FALSE VOW OF HONESTY RECOILS UPON YOU, EVIL ONE—I WILL SMASH YOUR SKULL.
IT SERVES HIM RIGHT.
HEY, MAGIC STICK! IF YOU KNOW ANYBODY THAT CAN STOP THIS CREATURE, BRING HIM QUICK!

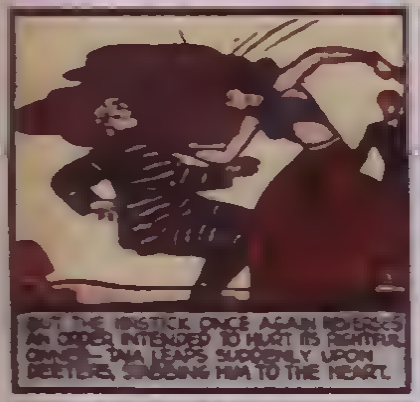
WHY HAVE I BEEN SUMMONED?
PARDON, MIGHTY PRINCE, I WILL RETURN TO MY SLUMBER.
AT THE WORD, IBIS APPEARS AND THE SPHINX RECOGNIZING HIM, BECOMES STONE AGAIN.


GEE, YOU AIN'T A BAD GUY, BROTHER. I'LL HAVE THIS MAGIC STICK GIVE YOU A HUNK OF MONEY AND YOU CAN HELP ME CONVINCE THIS DAME SHE OUGHTA GO FOR ME.
YOU SPEAK LIKE A FOOL, DEETERS. THE PRINCESS TAMA IS FAR ABOVE YOUR IMPUDENT WOOING.


YA DON'T TELL ME! AIN'T YOU FORGOTTEN THIS MAGIC THING HERE, THAT CAN MAKE ANYTHING COME TRUE? HEY, LADY, DO WHAT I TELL YOU. TAKE A KNIFE AND KILL THIS SMART JASPER.
THE DANGER PAST, DEETERS FORGETS HIS GRATITUDE TOWARD IBIS AND VOICES A TERRIBLE COMMAND.

AT THE WORDS, TAIA SEEMS TO GROW TENSE AND DREAMY. A DEADLY-LOOKING DAGGER APPEARS IN HER HAND.

LOOK, BUDDY, YOUR GIRL FRIEND IS GOING TO CARVE YOU UP. WHAT YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?
I WILL DO NOTHING. TRUST TAIA'S HEART EVEN WHEN IT IS SWAYED BY MAGIC.
WITH SLOW MEASURED STEPS THE PRINCESS APPROACHES.

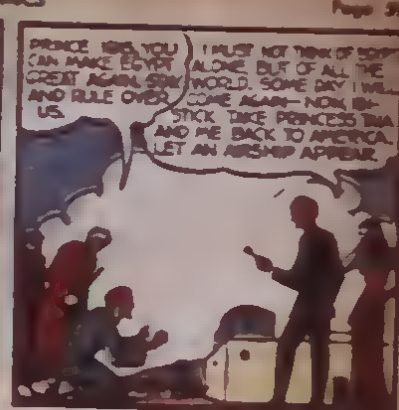

BUT THE KINSTICK ONCE AGAIN REVERSES AN ORDER INTENDED TO HURT ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER — TAIA LEAPS SUDDENLY UPON BEETLES, STABBING HIM TO THE HEART.

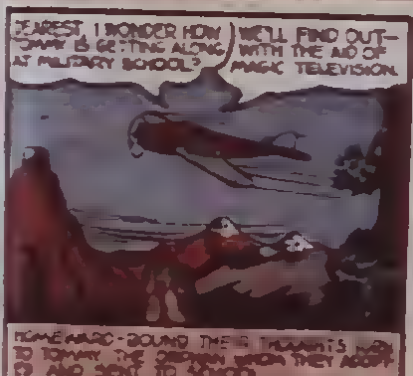
I HAVE DONE A TERRIBLE THING.
NO, BELOVED PRINCESS— YOU DID A NECESSARY THING. THE WORLD IS FREE FROM A VERY GREAT SCOUNDREL.

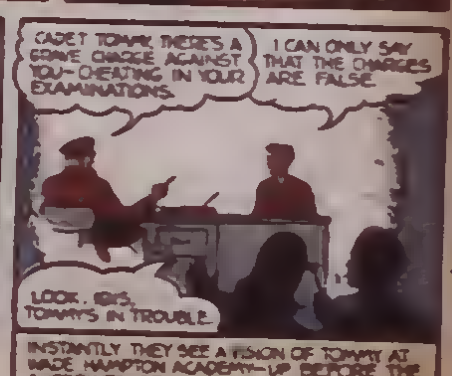
LOOK, MY PRINCE. THE POOR FARMERS WORK SO HARD FOR SO LITTLE.
EGYPTIAN SOIL IS POOR AND WATER SCARCE. I'LL HELP THEM.
TURNING AWAY THEY SEE MEN TOILING OVER THE FIELDS.

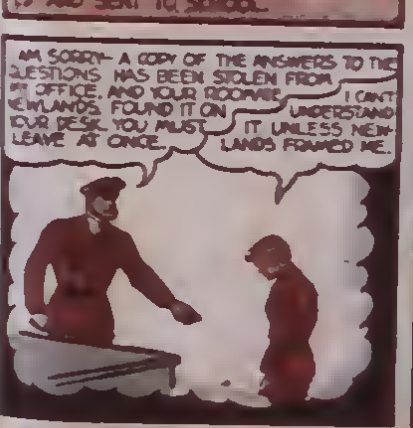
THE PRINCE LIFTS THE KINSTICK AND SPEAKS AN ANCIENT SPELL OF MIGHTY POWER.

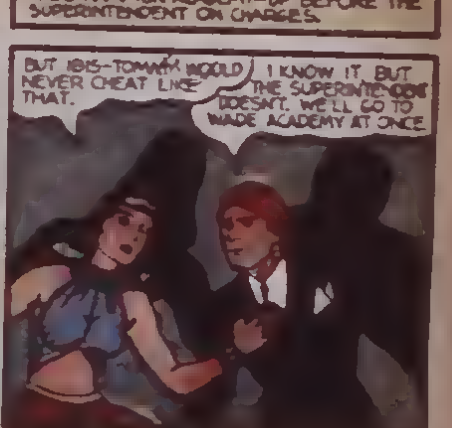
WE WILL NOW HAVE PLENTY.
A MIRACLE!
ON THE INSTANT, RICH ROCKS SPROUT FORTH WITH CANALS FULL OF WATER TO MAKE THEM GROW.


PRINCE IBIS, YOU CAN MAKE EGYPT GREAT AGAIN. STAY AND RULE OVER US.
I MUST NOT THINK OF SUCH ALONE. BUT OF ALL THE WORLD. SOME DAY I WILL COME AGAIN—NOW, IBI-STICK. TAKE PRINCESS TIA AND ME BACK TO AMERICA. LET AN AIRSHIP APPEAR.

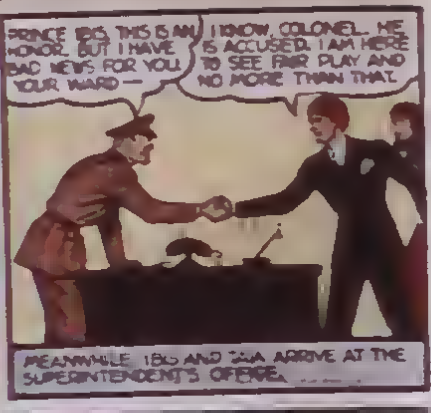

DEAREST, I WONDER HOW TOMMY IS GETTING ALONG AT MILITARY SCHOOL?
WE'LL FIND OUT—WITH THE AID OF MAGIC TELEVISION.
HOME AGAIN—BOUND THEIR THOUGHTS WERE TO TOMMY, THE ORPHAN WHOM THEY ADOPTED AND SENT TO SCHOOL.

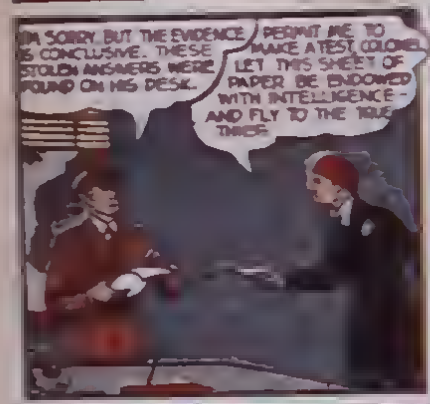

CADET TOMMY, THERE'S A GRAVE CHARGE AGAINST YOU—CHEATING IN YOUR EXAMINATIONS.
I CAN ONLY SAY THAT THE CHARGES ARE FALSE.
LOOK, IBIS, TOMMY'S IN TROUBLE.
INSTANTLY THEY SEE A VISION OF TOMMY AT WADE HAMPTON ACADEMY—UP BEFORE THE SUPERINTENDENT ON CHARGES.


I AM SORRY—A COPY OF THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM MY OFFICE, AND YOUR ROOMMATE NEWLANDS FOUND IT ON YOUR DESK. YOU MUST LEAVE AT ONCE.
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT UNLESS NEWLANDS FRAMED ME.

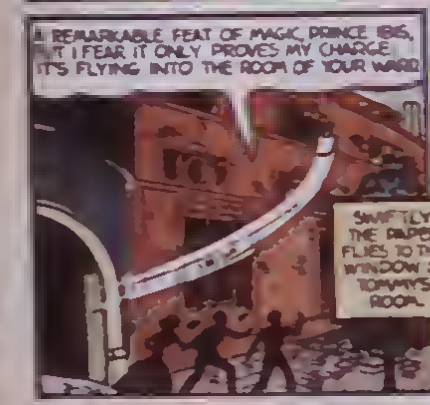

BUT IBIS—TOMMY WOULD NEVER CHEAT LIKE THAT.
I KNOW IT. BUT THE SUPERINTENDENT DOESN'T. WE'LL GO TO WADE ACADEMY AT ONCE.

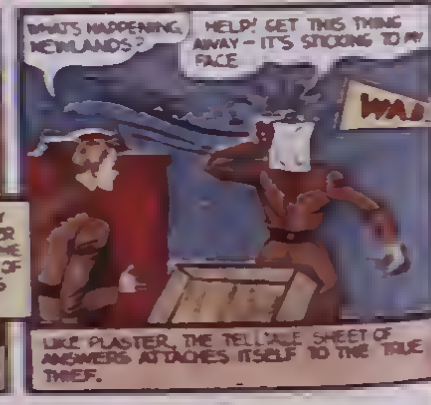
WITH THIS GOOF OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL WIN ALL THE HONORS—HE WAS TOO SMART FOR ME.
SCHOOL TOMMY PICKS WILL BE SECRETLY EXULTING.


PRINCE IBIS, THIS IS AN HONOR, BUT I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, YOUR WARD—
I KNOW, COLONEL. HE IS ACCUSED. I AM HERE TO SEE FAIR PLAY AND NO MORE THAN THAT.
MEANWHILE IBIS AND ZULA ARRIVE AT THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE.

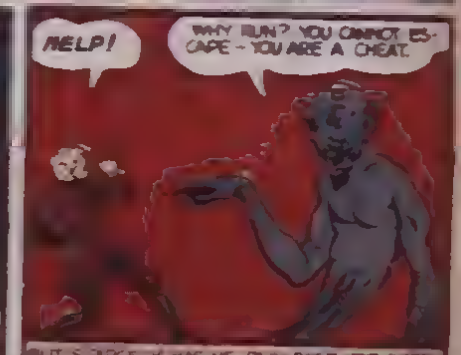

I'M SORRY, BUT THE EVIDENCE IS CONCLUSIVE. THESE STOLEN ANSWERS WERE FOUND ON HIS DESK.
PERMIT ME TO MAKE A TEST, COLONEL. LET THIS SHEET OF PAPER BE ENDOWED WITH INTELLIGENCE—AND FLY TO THE TRUE THIEF.

SEE, IT IS ALREADY TAKING FLIGHT. LET US FOLLOW.

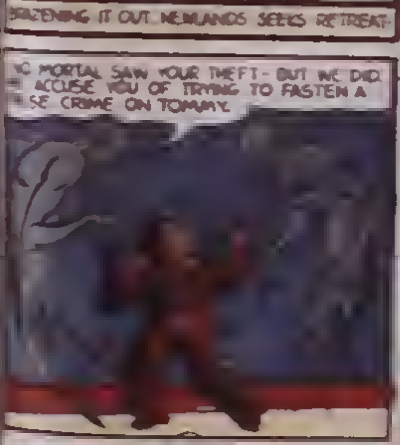

A REMARKABLE FEAT OF MAGIC, PRINCE IBIS, BUT I FEAR IT ONLY PROVES MY CHARGE. IT'S FLYING INTO THE ROOM OF YOUR WARD.
SWIFTLY THE PAPER FLIES TO THE WINDOW OF TOMMY'S ROOM.

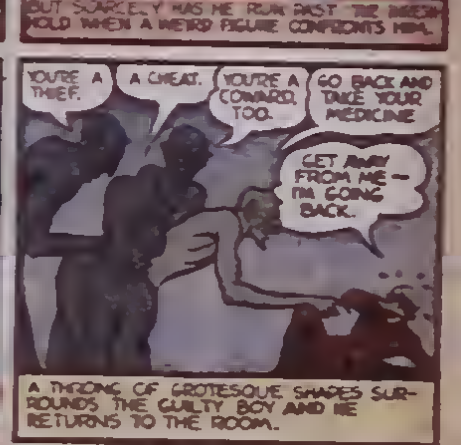

WHAT'S HAPPENING, NEWLANDS?
HELP! GET THIS THING AWAY—IT'S STICKING TO MY FACE.
WAH
LIKE PLASTER, THE TELL-TALE SHEET OF ANSWERS ATTACHES ITSELF TO THE TRUE THIEF.

BRAZENING IT OUT, NEMUANDS SEEKS RETREAT.

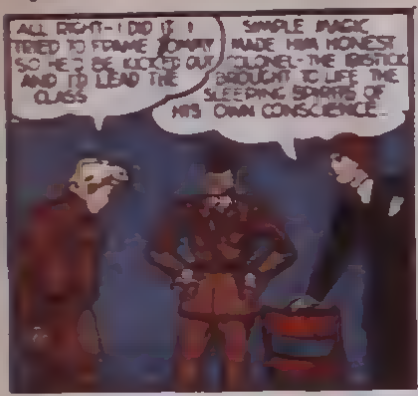


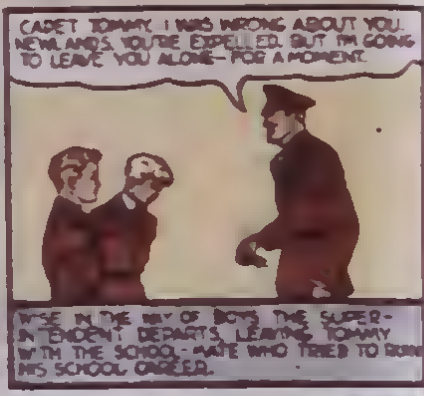
BUT SCARCELY HAS HE RUN PAST THE DOORHOLD WHEN A WEIRD FIGURE CONFRONTS HIM.





A THRONG OF GROTESQUE SHAPES SURROUNDS THE GUILTY BOY AND HE RETURNS TO THE ROOM.

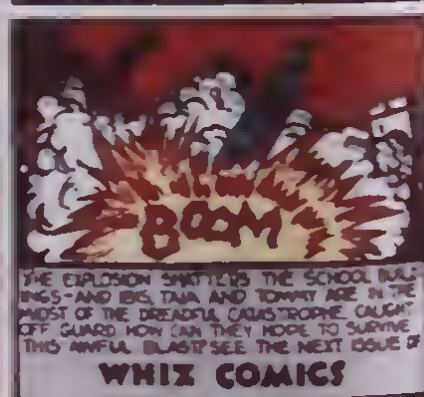

ALL RIGHT—I DID IT! I TRIED TO FRAME TOMMY SO HE'D BE KICKED OUT AND I'D LEAD THE CLASS
SIMPLE MAGIC MADE HIM HONEST COLONEL—THE BRISTOLE BROUGHT TO LIFE THE SLEEPING SPIRITS OF HIS OWN CONSCIENCE.


CADET TOMMY, I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU. NEWLAND'S, YOU'RE EXPELLED. BUT I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU ALONE—FOR A MOMENT.
WISE IN THE WAY OF BOYS THE SUPER-INTENDENT DEPARTS, LEAVING TOMMY WITH THE SCHOOL-MATE WHO TRIED TO RUIN HIS SCHOOL CAREER.

IT'S WORTH GETTING KICKED OUT TO HAVE A POKE AT YOU.
HE FOUGHT YOU FOUL TOMMY—FIGHT HIM FAIRLY.

THERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY.

WELL, I CAN SMOKE ANYWAY—IT WAS AGAINST SCHOOL RULES.
ARSENAL
LATER AS NEWLAND'S DEPARTS, HE THROWS A MATCH CARELESSLY THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE ACADEMY ARSENAL, WHERE GREEN STORES OF AMMUNITION ARE KEPT.


BOOM
THE EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS—AND IRIS, TARA AND TOMMY ARE IN THE MIDST OF THE DREADFUL CATASTROPHE. CAUGHT OFF GUARD, HOW CAN THEY HOPE TO SURVIVE THIS AWFUL BLAST? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF
WHIZ COMICS

Presenting WHIZ MAGIC by [illegible]

PRESTO! ANOTHER BUNCH OF DANDY TRICKS FOR YOU TO TRY... AND WHEN YOU HAVE MASTERED THEM... MYSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS BY SHOWING THEM WHAT YOU CAN DO!

HOW CAN A NEWSPAPER BE REMOVED FROM UNDERNEATH A BOTTLE WITHOUT TOUCHING THE BOTTLE?

SOLUTION...

PULL PAPER GENTLY AND HAMMER ON TABLE WITH FIST... EACH BLOW CAUSES THE BOTTLE TO LIFT... ALLOWING THE PAPER TO BE WITHDRAWN!

BALANCING TWO CHIPS ON THE EDGE OF A GLASS WITH ONE HAND...

STAND CHIPS ASIDE SIDES OF GLASS...

PUSH THEM UP SIDES TO THE TOP WITH YOUR THUMB AND INDEX FINGER...

AND CHIPS CAN BE BALANCED

TRY THIS...

SOAK A PIECE OF THREAD IN COMMON SALT AND WATER... AFTERWARDS DRY IT, AND TIE A RING TO IT... TAKE A MATCH AND SET FIRE TO THE THREAD, WHICH WILL BURN TO ASHES... BUT TO YOUR SURPRISE, IT WILL STILL HOLD THE RING!

The GLASS of WATER PENDULUM...

FASTEN ONE END OF A PIECE OF THREAD WITH SEALING WAX TO THE BACK OF A PLAYING CARD AS SHOWN. DO NOT PENETRATE CARD! HOLD CARD FLAT ON TOP OF GLASS WHICH IS FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH WATER... WHEN AIR IS REMOVED FROM GLASS... SWING BACK AND FORTH BY THREAD... IT WILL NOT FALL OFF!

P.S. DON'T MISS THE NEW MASTER COMICS

3 MAGAZINES IN 1!

FOR a real money's worth of thrills, action and adventure, get a copy of the new MASTER COMICS, latest sensation of the comics book field.

Combining the best features of those popular favorites...MASTER, SLAM-BANG and NICKEL COMICS ...the new MASTER COMICS proudly presents

BULLETMAN • CAPT. VENTURE • RED GAUCHO • EL CARIM • JUNGLE KING DEVIL'S DAGGER ZORO, THE MYSTERY MAN • BUCK JONES

MASTER COMICS
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 10¢

WHIZ COMICS' TRADING POST

NOTE: *If you are interested in any of these articles offered for trade, WRITE DIRECT to the boy or girl whose name and address appear in the Swap Notice. PLEASE DO NOT SEND your letter to WHIZ COMICS.*

BB GUN

Will trade 1,000-shot BB gun, good shape, cost $2.50—for chemistry set. Write to Jack Dunn, Eddyville, Ky.

BOOKS

Will trade six books (totaling 720 pgs.)—for what have you? Write to Gentlemen Carmen III, Box 41, Palm Beach, Fla.

BOXING GLOVES

Will trade set of junior boxing gloves—for good cowhide camera. Write to Tommie Pugsley, 140 E. Merchant St., Shelbyville, Ind.

CAMERA

Will trade new miniature photo camera and Indian tom-tom—for hunting knife and sheath. Write to Peter Wentzinsch, 27 E. 99th St., New York City

CANTEEN

Will trade 1½-quart canteen—for pocket knife, cash or what have you? Write to Arthur Hernandez, 109 Orme Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

EARPHONES

Will trade Kellogg earphones in good condition — for anything you have that pleases me. Write to Arthur Wainwak, 2844 W. Shakespeare Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FISHING REEL

Will trade large, light bakeur reel — for complete Monopoly game. Write to Hanson Ayres, Jr., 710 Taylor Ave., Cedar Park, Annapolis, Md.

FLASHLIGHTS

Will trade two almost new 2-cell flashlights, complete with bulbs and good batteries — for right-handed outfielder's glove. Write to Jack Hunter, Hanover Hotel, Montgomery, Ala.

FOOTBALL HELMET

Will trade good football helmet or shoulderpads—for any useful article. Write to John Taylor, 321 Wilson St., Goshen, Ind.

FOUNTAIN PEN

Will trade Waterman's fountain pen—for single or double-barreled trap in good condition. Write to Oliver Brady, Apt. 42, 100 W. 113th St., New York City

ICE SKATES

Will trade ice skates, size 5—for good rod and reel. Write to Joe Brown, 548 Chicago St., East Peoria, Ill.

KNIFE

Will trade small knife (value $2.50) — for any useful article. Write to Robert W. King, 422 Front St., Sedalia, Del.

MAGNIFYING GLASS

Will trade Tom Mix magnifying glass and compass—for anything you have that pleases me. Write to Edward Bohn, 38 Broad St., New Britain, Conn.

MATCHBOOK COVERS

Will trade matchbook covers (without matches), from my city and state—for other matchbook covers. Write to Clarence Rudmann, 48 Trinity Ave., Gouverneur, N. Y.

MICROSCOPE

Will trade good 7-inch microscope—for cash or any useful article. Write to William Rosenblatt, 21-48 Steinway St., Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

MOVIE PROJECTOR

Will trade 16mm Keystone movie projector — for small printing press or what have you? Write to Bob Abraham, 2027 Harmon St., Oakland, Cal.

OPERA GLASS

Will trade combination opera-field glass, equipped with pocket mirror, compass and magnifying glass—for 4 (or more) powered telescope. Write to Reuben Swedzick, Route 2, Athens, Wis.

PRINTING PRESS

Will trade printing press (almost new cost $2.00) — for anything pertaining to astronomy. Write to Page Moulton, 1007 Fremont Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

ROLLER SKATES

Will trade ball-bearing roller skates—for Big Brothers game or Uncle Whitley game. Write to Charles Epstein, 1740 Rogers Ave., SW., Atlanta, Ga.

SKIS

Will trade good pair of skis—for two used golf clubs or anything you have that pleases me. Write to Ernest Cauchon, Jr., 137 Johnson St., Middletown, Conn.

SLED

Will trade Flexible Flyer sled, long, first-class shape—for coaster wagon large enough to carry Sunday papers. Write to Albert Berendsen, 1205 Chandler St., Madison, Wis.

STAMPS

Will trade more than 1,000 stamps (catalogue value at least $25.00) and album—for .22 rifle or good air rifle or pocket. Write to Eddie Mackrodt, 28 Highland Pl., Maplewood, N. J.

SUBMARINE

Will trade practically new diving submarine—for anything you have that pleases me. Write to Edward Borovich, 128-14 20th Ave., College Point, N. Y.

SUN WATCH

Will trade sun watch and compass, good condition—for Jewel puzzle. Write to Elton Armstrong, Box 412, Iselin, N. J.

P. S. If you have something to trade—and you're looking for someone to trade with—write out a Swap Notice (like those printed above) and send it to

TRADING POST, WHIZ COMICS, 1501 Broadway, New York City

We'll print your Swap Notice in the first available issue of WHIZ COMICS—ABSOLUTELY FREE. All we ask is that you be completely honest in your Swap Notice and do not misrepresent any article offered for trade.

ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER.

THE COMBINATION FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

[illegible]

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY $1.00

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a modern blue green, trimmed in black and silver, made of [illegible] blue board, now available for only one dollar ($1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Monarch Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold no hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU

LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 20 page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Monarch you get this Free Remington Rand gift that [illegible] the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Monarch Portable Remember, the touch typing book is not Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Monarch Portable [illegible] a simple [illegible] carrying case. With this offer Remington also supplies a [illegible] carrying case [illegible] of [illegible] wood bound with a [illegible] of Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Monarch Deluxe Portable, [illegible] standard 4 row keyboard, [illegible] margin stops and margin release, double shift key, [illegible] ribbon and [illegible] [illegible] paper fingers, [illegible] paper 8½" wide, [illegible] 8½" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Monarch Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your money will depend on cash. This [illegible] trial.

SEND COUPON NOW!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. [illegible]
[illegible] Washington St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Monarch Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....